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Vol. CLXIX No. 2208 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 16 1942

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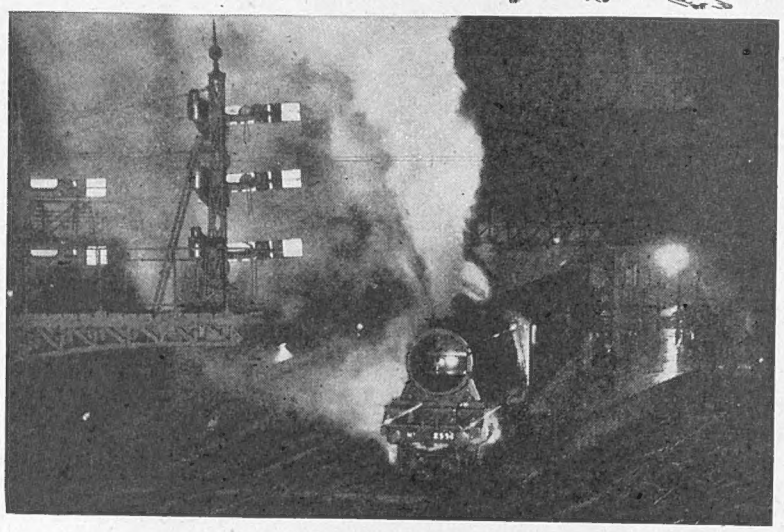

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Volume CLXIX No. 2208 The SPHERE, London, May 16, 1942

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

FIGHTER PILOTS: AIRMEN FROM AMERICA WHO ARE FLYING WITH THE R.A.F. IN THEIR DAILY SWEEPS OVER OCCUPIED TERRITORY

These men are all pilots of the Third American Eagle (Fighter) Squadron: with other Allied pilots they have been taking part in the R.A.F. sweeps over Occupied Territory in France and Belgium. One of their latest exploits was to escort Boston bombers in a sweep over Ostend and Zeebrugge. The docks at the former port were bombed; and at the latter, industrial power plant was set on fire. All the machines taking part returned safely, and although Nazi planes were seen they refused to engage in combat. In the picture above, the huge model bulldog, on which one of the pilots is sitting, is the Squadron's official "mascot"

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 141

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Madagascar—First Reactions.—The verbal reactions of Pétain, Laval, Goebbels and the rest of the Axis chorus to our action in Madagascar were exactly as expected. That Pétain would order the French forces in Madagascar to resist aggression to the death could also be taken for granted. The wider effects of our decision to safeguard, if we could, an absolutely vital base for the defence of the Indian Ocean (and much else) are not yet and not fully revealed. I should think that most Britons must feel about it as I do: (1) great anxiety to be assured that our plans to control the great naval base were adequate and successful; (2) a strong and growing opinion that the time has passed for excuses and justifications for such actions, which once were clear breaches of international law and have become essential expedients in a struggle for survival against barbarians who know no law but force. Indeed, we feel that the time for propaganda excuses really ended with Hitler's first aggression and outrage on the laws of nations. This view has not yet been endorsed by our Government; (3) an overmastering desire to be done with doubts *vis-à-vis* Vichy and the French Fleet and, whatever the danger of a new upsetting of the balance of sea power, to have Vichy France on one side or the other, a declared enemy of the Allies by land and sea and in the air, or a confessed wobbler, serving time and hanging on to attach herself to the winning side. If words and threats and boasts and justifications had not long since ceased to influence the hopes or fears of men of common sense since 1939, we might reasonably have decided long since that Vichy was as much an Axis serf as Bulgaria or Rumania. But hitherto she has often wobbled in deeds when most determined in threats. It seems reasonably certain that within the next few weeks we shall have the measure of Vichy and shall know where she stands. Whether she is *vox et præterea nihil* or a mangy tail wagging a growling dog or a feeble old woman trying (and failing) to lead a big dog whither it will not go. When we have Vichy's measure, the air will be clearer and cleaner, although for a time we may feel the new keenness of the wind. But we mustn't fail in our "act of aggression," which needs not one single wasted word of justification. When a man is struggling to keep his head above the waves, does he bother to inquire whose hen-coop he grasps?

Hate, Threats, Boasts and Insults.—I agree that old ideas about *manners* in the conduct of war have completely changed. I accept it that the fearful dangers and stress of this second World War required a new fashion, and that the large bulk of the nation endorses the new fashion of bandying hate, threats, boasts and insults as a matter of propaganda and as a stimulus to national effort. I have watched the development of the fashion. Early in the war General Guy Dawnay, in a letter to the Press, voiced his surprise and distaste at the new practice of bringing serving airmen and sailors and soldiers to the microphone to describe to the public their deeds of daring. He was *jumped on*: such a letter would not be printed, even if written, to-day. It is a "people's war," and the people demand this showmanship. I have watched the evolution of insults exchanged between heads of State; faint, yet pursuing, our own civilised and old-fashioned Chamberlain responded to the vigorous lead of the dictators in 1939 by dropping the "Herr" and the "Signor," and later on, as the wordy vendetta increased in violence and imagery, Mr. Churchill produced a wonderful assortment of taunts and insults. He has rather dropped the exchange now, for Hitler always held the lead. A gentleman cannot engage in a mud-slinging contest with a street Arab and hope to come out on top. To-day I sometimes wonder whether there are not still some Germans who wonder whether that reiterated phrase "that drunkard Churchill" either advances or dignifies the cause of Nazi-ism; rather, whether it does not harness Nazi-ism to the wheelbarrow of an illiterate gamin. And then Hate. A retired General only the other day wrote to question the necessity for teaching our Army to hate. I accept it that he was wrong to do so (as General Dawnay was wrong in 1939). I take it that Commando troops must be *steeped in hate*. It is all different to *Waterloo*, when our men fought rather well on the slopes of Mont St. John without propaganda hate, and when chivalry towards a beaten foe still thrived ("*Mon Colonel, vous êtes bien honnête*"). And finally boasts and threats. As a footnote to my last comment on the night-bombing battering match (a risky venture in all conscience in a free country peopled with vigorous patriots always itching to cry out "defeatist")—do our daily boasts that *we* have dropped ten tons of bombs for every ton dropped by Germany truly contribute more than *the bare facts of "business done"* to this dreadful and inevitable expedient of war, which the vast bulk of our nation rightly accepts and endorses as essential war strategy? We do not squeal over our civilian casualties and lost treasures. Why, then, do we boast of the losses we inflict on the enemy, and for ever reiterate threats and boasts of trebling those losses? There remain no neutrals to impress. The enemy who receives the weight of our onslaught is adequately impressed, not by words but by facts. Are we always to lag a year behind in propaganda technique? And who is the authority responsible for these tiresome and undignified R.A.F. boasts and backchat? I often wonder if it be the words themselves or the sub-acid inflexions of voice of the Oxford-mannered B.B.C. announcer which so profoundly disgust, shock or irritate so many of my neighbours in every walk of life. The facts speak with a clear voice. Why do we confuse that voice with catcalls?

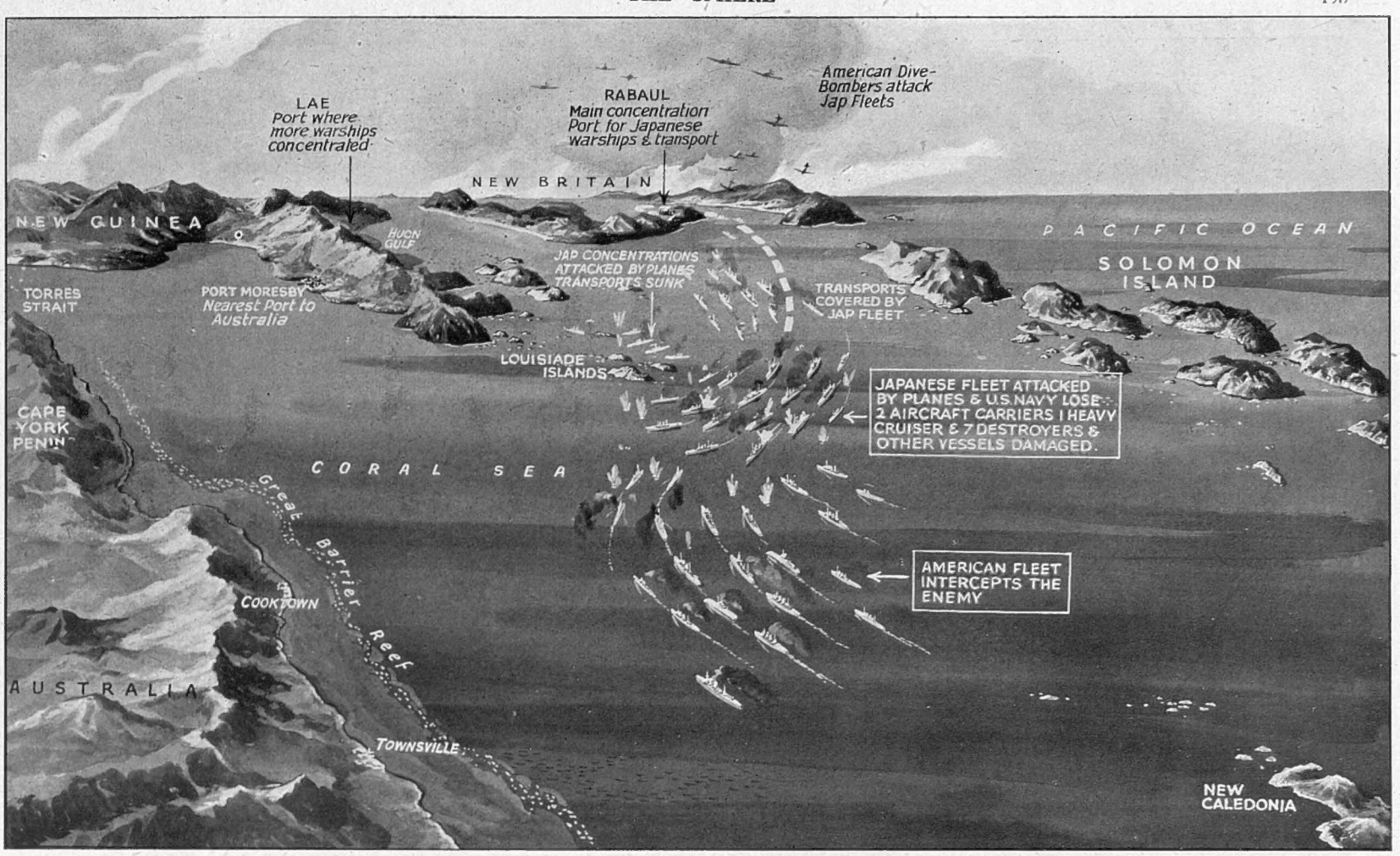
WHEN BRITAIN STOOD ALONE AGAINST THE AXIS: A picture taken in 1940 and only just released

In the summer which followed the evacuation from Dunkirk, Britain stood on her own in hourly expectation of invasion. Revelations made since have disclosed that our Army had lost most of its equipment in the evacuation, together with many of its fighting personnel; our Air Force was sadly deficient in reserves; and our defences were only in a rudimentary state compared with their magnificent degree of preparedness at the present time. "This was their finest hour," said Mr. Winston Churchill of the British people, who carried on with their daily round in unflurried fashion. For the first time, machine gun posts were erected in the London streets, and men were prepared to sell their lives dearly in defence of their native land: this machine-gun post, for instance, was set up in Aldgate High Street in the summer of 1940, and here soldiers were prepared to defend one of the main approaches to the City of London. The picture is one of a series whose release has only just been permitted by the Censor

"Bombastes Furioso."—The Devil or evil spirit in the parable was suffered to enter and possess a herd of swine. Presumably the Gadarene herd was not worth saving. And soon enough he led them violently down a steep place and they perished in the waters below. No one ever wasted tears over the herd, and I dare say the reason is that *Homo sapiens* despises stupidity almost more than immorality. As R. L. S. said: "I have seen wicked men and fools, a number of each, and they all get paid in the end—but the fools first." You see, there is no evidence that any of the herd, in that foolish, ugly rush to self-destruction, ever paused or jostled his neighbour to ask: "Whither are we going so fast, and why? And who or what is this new swineherd of ours?" And that restraint (says *Homo sapiens*) was not discipline but swinish stupidity. Hitler's latest bombastic ultimatum to the Reichstag and German nation brought this parable to my mind. I wondered if the entire German nation to-day is "on all fours" with that herd of swine. Was there not one found to jostle his neighbour and whisper the glaring absurdities of that last delirium of ego-megalo-mania? Among the judges, the old military caste, the would-be gentlemen, the professors, the former intelligentsia? E.g., "I demand that the nation shall give me unlimited power." What has our Führer lacked of unlimited power in the last few years, and what has he done with the powers he possessed? Or e.g., apropos the bombing of cities: 1940.—"We will not leave one stone upon another in any British city." 1941.—"Coventry is only a *hors-d'œuvre* of the banquet of destruction." 1942 (March).—"Bombing cities is not worth the trouble. We shall not stoop to it." 1942 (April).—"*Very* well: we will answer bomb for bomb on British cities." Is there perhaps something of vacillation in our Führer's bombing policy, and may not our enemies perhaps observe weak links in our Führer's logic? Is "reprisal" a word only in German dictionaries? Or apropos concentrated submarine attack on British shipping. What, then, have our Führer's submarines been doing all these years of war? Will this threat of our Führer terrify the hearts of British merchantmen more than ever before? Or the Russian Colossus. When did it first become a Colossus? In the summer of 1941 our Führer assured us it was a rotten melon. Is it possible that our swineherd is not a *Devil of the First Class*, but just a second-rate devil like ourselves, just a rotten turnip hollowed out to scare nitwits, a *Bombastes Furioso* with a muddled mind; or perhaps a Devil of the First Class gone war-weary with failure and anxiety and no longer the wizard he was? Alas, we have as yet no more evidence of reasoning in the German herd than we have of reasoning in the Gadarene. But we and our Allies may take a deal of comfort from this Reichstag ultimatum. Hitler is feeling the strain of his war.

Maltese Crosses.—Malta long since had been associated in men's minds with a Cross. The bestowal on that little island (of the blessed and the brave) of the George Cross was an idea as happy as any in our time. The Maltese Cross is not superseded by the George; it is reinforced and confirmed by it. How far the little candle throws its light! The courage of Malta and of her men, women and children has, I do not doubt, directly inspired people far away, to whom the name of that tiny settlement meant little until recently, to endure and to be cheerful under affliction. Malta's crosses are crosses of sacrifice and of victory; that was as true of the eight-point emblem of the Knights Hospitallers, to whom Malta was given in 1530, as of the new George Cross. He who endures to the end shall be saved. And if ever the Christian ideal inspired and fortified human endurance and courage in war, it has inspired and sustained Malta. *In hoc signo vinces.* That is (as it happens) the motto of my own family. May the example of Malta inspire us anew to give to that motto, so boldly chosen by an ancestor, the attention which it deserves, and has not perhaps hitherto received always at our hands.

THE OLD STAGER



WHERE THE BATTLE HAS TAKEN PLACE, OFF THE EAST COAST OF QUEENSLAND. To the west is Australia; to the east the Solomons; to the north New Britain and New Guinea. Rabaul is thought to be the main concentration port of the Japs in these waters—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The GREAT NAVAL BATTLE in the CORAL SEA

Between the U.S. Navy and a Japanese Fleet Threatening to Invade Australia

—*Special* Sphere *drawings and diagrams*

The Battle of the Coral Sea was fought at a point some 150 miles from the Queensland coast, according to reports from Australia. It is considered highly probable that a Jap invasion fleet was on its way to the Commonwealth when it was intercepted by a combined U.S. and Australian Fleet under the command of Admiral H. F. Leary.

In the battle which followed, the Jap fleet is believed to have suffered very heavy losses indeed: so far as is known, they are thought to have lost one aircraft-carrier, one heavy cruiser, one light cruiser, two destroyers, four gunboats and two transports; in addition, one aircraft-carrier, one heavy cruiser, one light cruiser, one seaplane tender and two transports were damaged. The claims put forward by Tokyo concerning losses amongst the U.S. forces are stated authoritatively to be "fantastic."

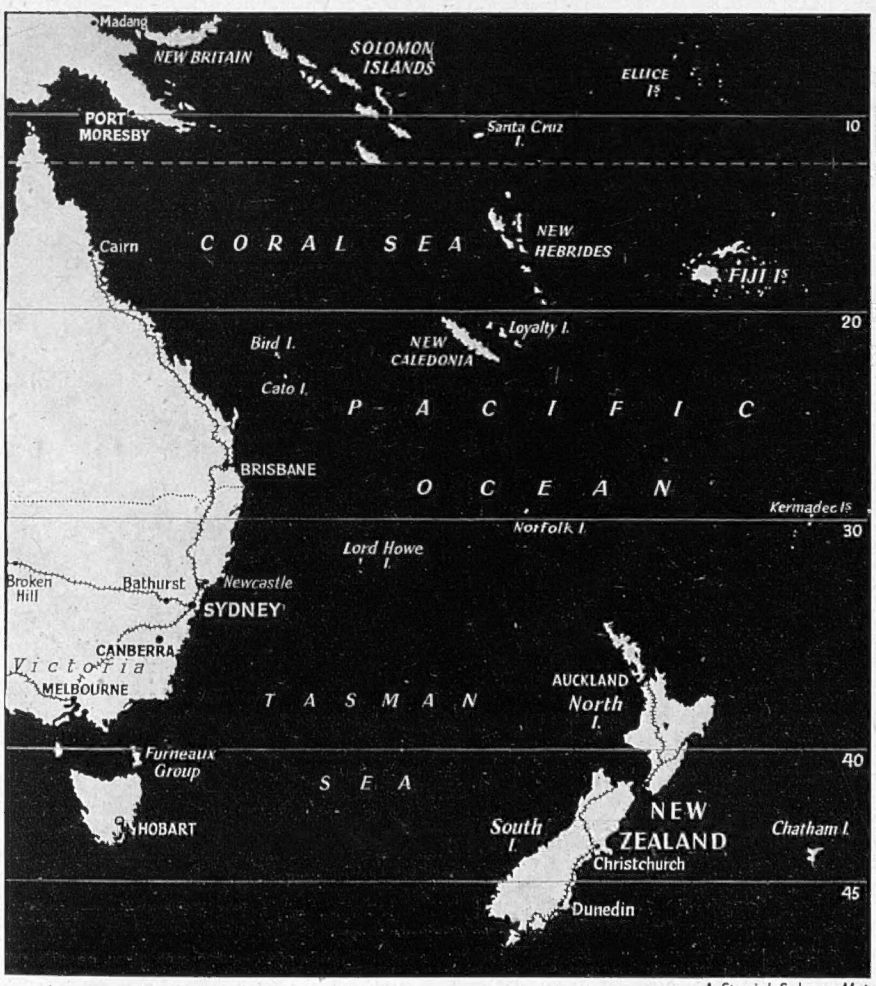
The battle, in fact, is still proceeding at the moment of writing. It is stated that the Allied Command regard the Coral Sea action as only the first round in a long and bitter fight. And Sir Keith Murdoch has said in Australia that "what must be realised is that a large Japanese expedition is beginning."

The special diagram at the head of this page, and the map below show where the battle was fought. The Jap fleet probably came from Rabaul, which is the main concentration port for Japanese warships and transports in Australian waters.

Away to the east lie the Solomon Islands, where the Japs also have a strong foothold; with New Guinea to the north-west. Dive-bombers apparently played a very large part in the battle, 500 warplanes having taken part, according to one report.

VICE-ADMIRAL HERBERT FAIRFAX LEARY, the U.S. Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Forces in the Pacific. His appointment was announced recently, after the fall of Java. Admiral Leary was in command during the Coral Sea Battle

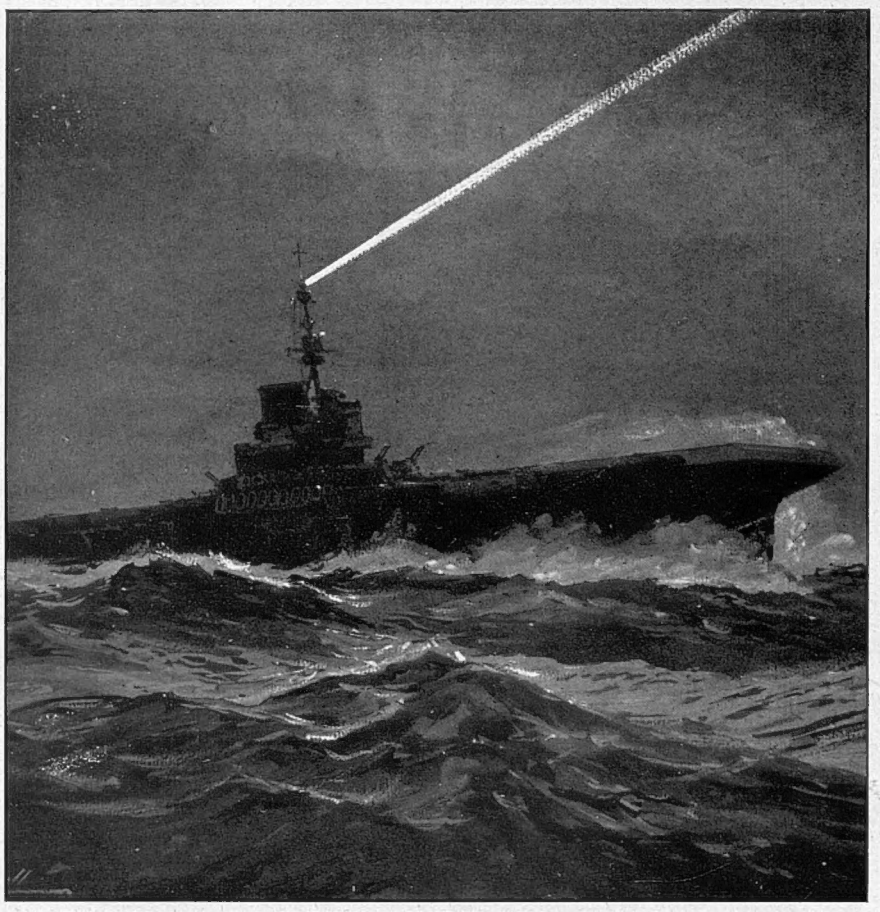
THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE JAP NAVY: Admiral Osami Nagano—a picture on board the battleship "Mutu." He is sixty-one years of age. The Coral Sea Battle was fought under his orders



A Special Sphere *Map*

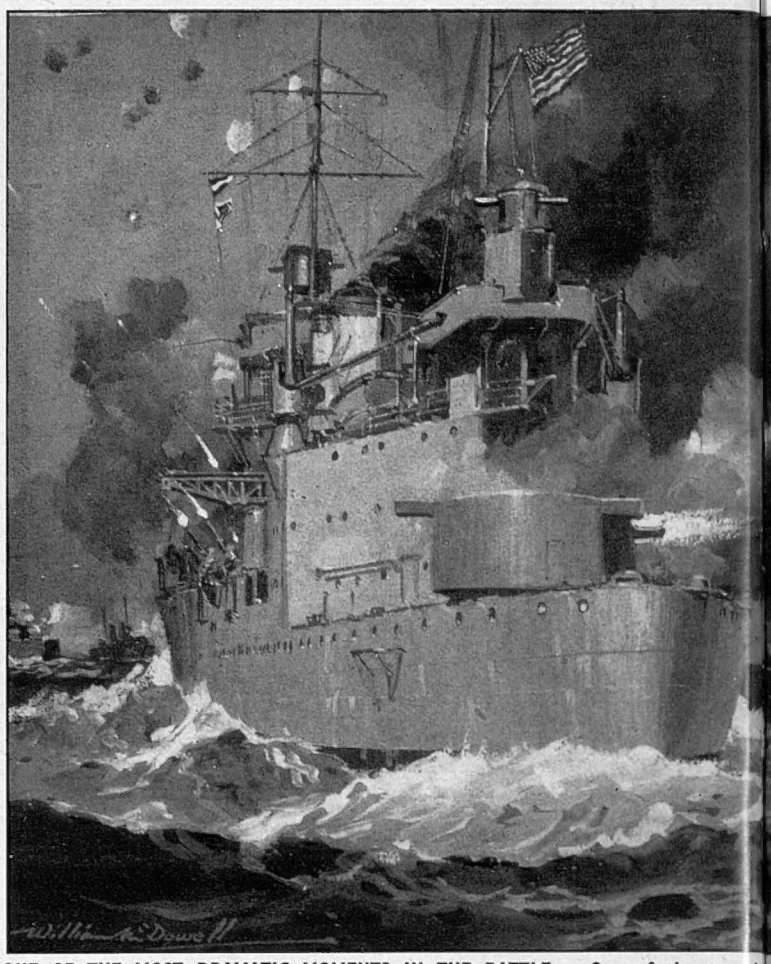
THE CORAL SEA, in its relation to the Australian Continent and to New Zealand
This key map shows the area in which the battle was fought and where naval action against the Japs is still continuing

The BATTLE of the CORAL SEA—*continued*



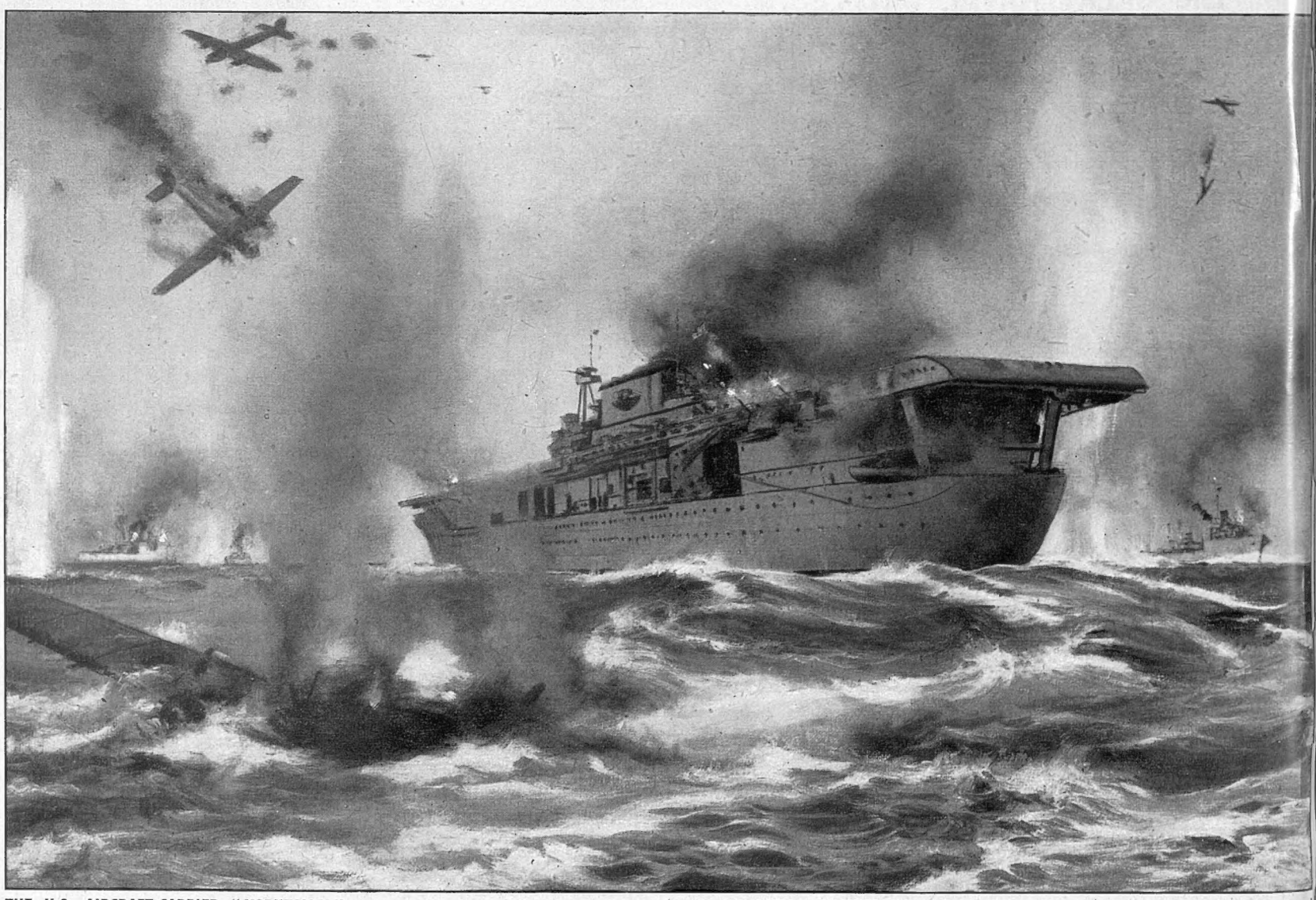
HOW THE AMERICANS OPERATE THEIR AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS : An incident during a previous engagement in the South-West Pacific—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

During recent operations of the U.S. Navy in the Pacific, before the Battle of the Coral Sea, an American aircraft-carrier flew off a number of aeroplanes to scout for enemy ships. All returned—with the exception of one. As the aircraft-carrier waited a storm arose : a message was received by radio from the missing pilot that he had only 20 gallons of petrol left. Those were his last words. "The storm was upon us," runs the published account. "Suddenly our heart beat faster as a light appeared on our masthead. The great beam from our searchlight stabbed the sky. Our skipper was defying the Japanese and stretching out this helping hand to the lost pilot. But it did no good. Somewhere, out in the vast Pacific, he stayed alone . . ."



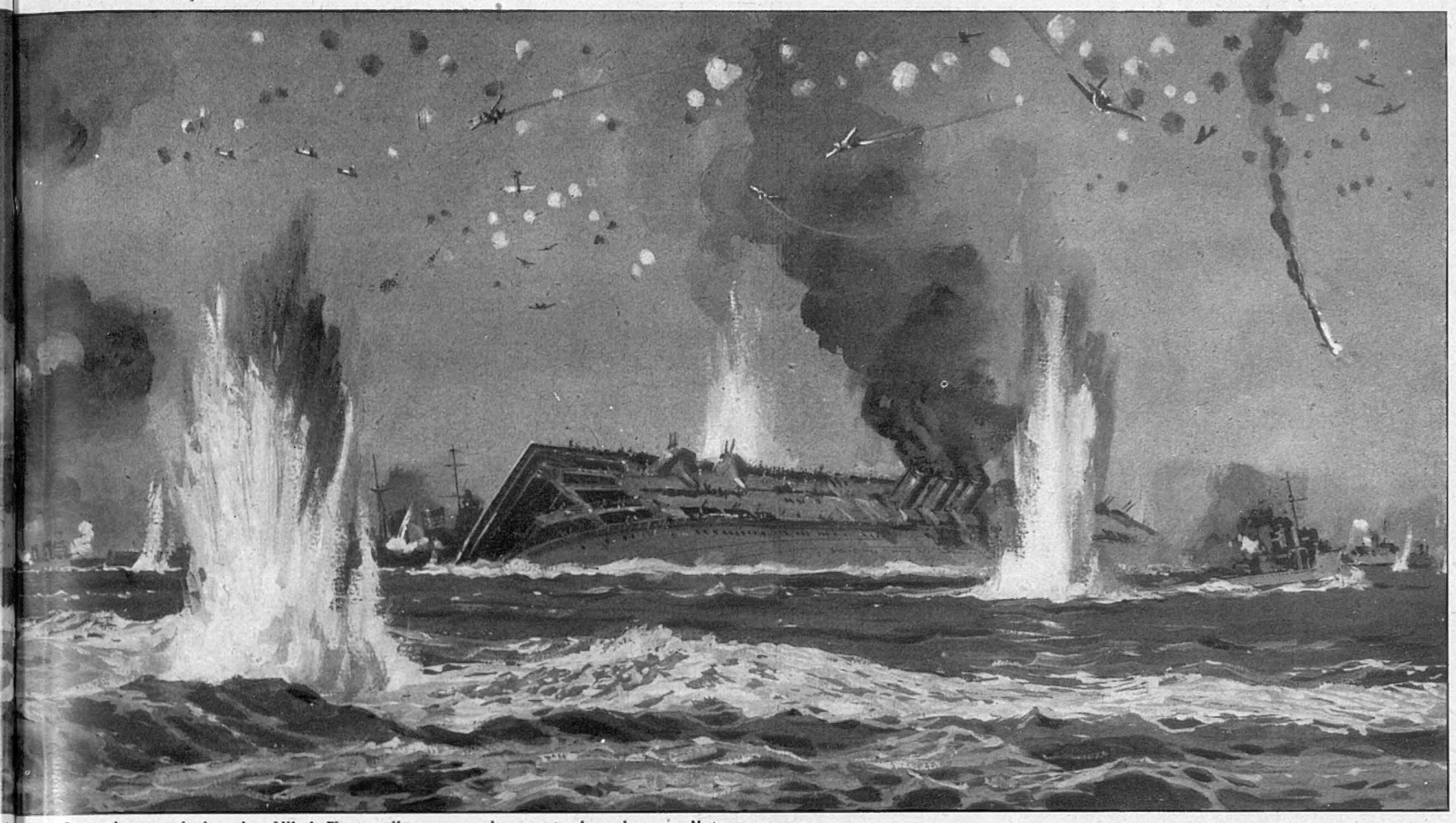
ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN THE BATTLE : One of the two Ja the funnels sticking out of the vessel's sid—

This incident occurred when the battle was at its height. Waves of U.S. dive-bombers had attacked the Jap fleet, and had so pounded an enemy aircraft-carrier that she rolled over and sank immediately. A second was bombed and attacked with torpedoes : she was soon on fire from end to end. She then sank, and the Japanese fleet thereupon scattered, with U.S. aircraft hot after them. The picture by Mr. McDowell reproduced above shows, on the right, the enemy aircraft-carrier in the act of rolling over. On the left is a U.S. aircraft-carrying cruiser engaging a Jap cruiser in the background, whilst herself hotly attacked by Jap dive-bombers. To the right of the picture is a Jap destroyer alongside the doomed aircraft-carrier ; whilst to the extreme right are Jap transports loaded up for invasion



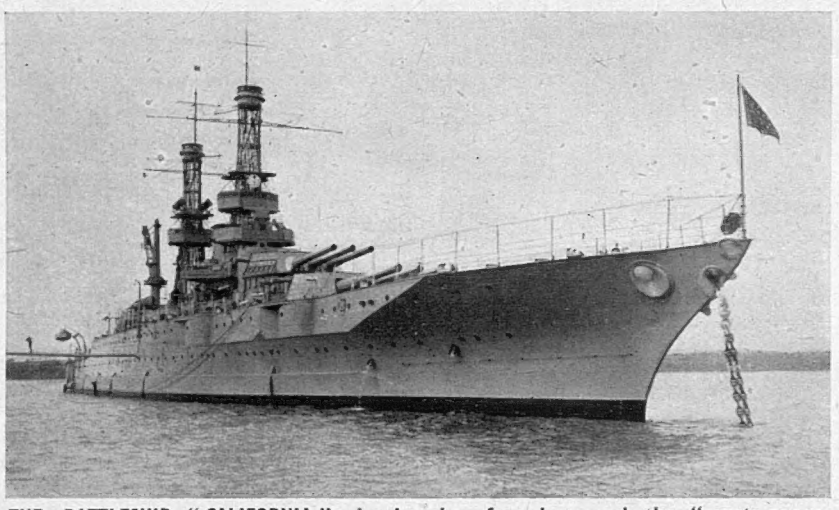
THE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "YORKTOWN" (which the Japanese claim to have sunk) IN ACTION AGAINST HOSTILE PLANES. The Jap claims concerning the Coral Sea Battle have been declared "fantastic" by the Americans—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The *Yorktown* is one of the newest U.S. aircraft-carriers. The Japanese have claimed that a carrier of her type was sunk during the action, amongst other "fantastic claims," according to informed U.S. opinion. Earlier this year this aircraft-carrier figured in an amazing incident in the Pacific, when sixteen out of eighteen Japanese planes were shot down by an American naval squadron flown from the aircraft-carrier's deck. On this occasion pilots from the *Yorktown* (or so the vessel was identified, although no official U.S. confirmation was given on this point) flew through a hail of anti-aircraft shells from their own ships to attack the enemy. One pilot alone brought down six of the Japs, and has since been decorated for his daring. Mr. Montague Dawson's picture above shows how the *Yorktown*'s own anti-aircraft batteries took part in the incident; it also gives a good impression of the huge size and proportions of this aircraft-carrier

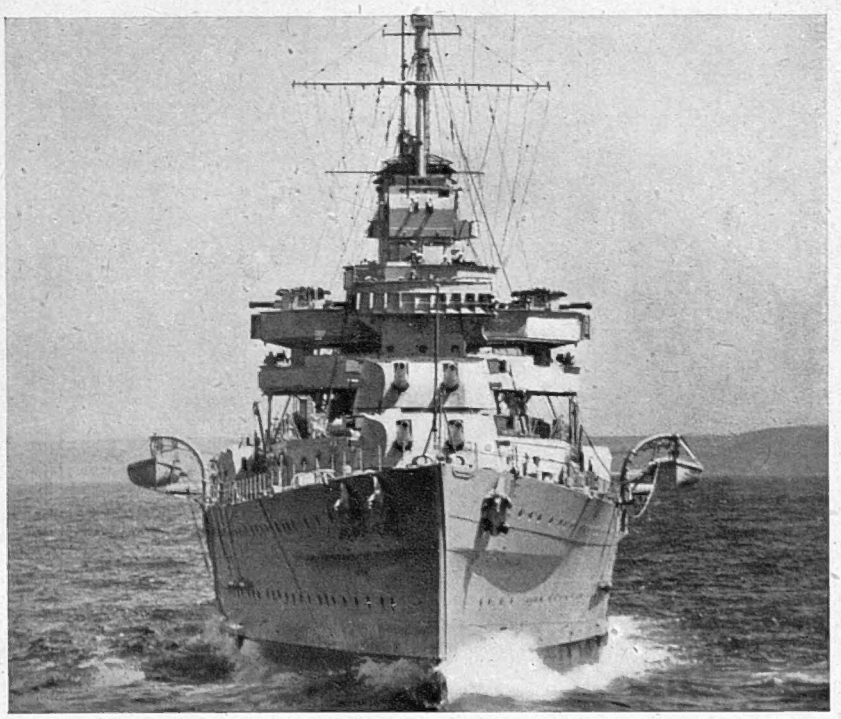


aircraft-carriers sunk by the Allied Fleet rolls over and goes to her doom. Note characteristic Jap design!—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

THE SECOND U.S. CARRIER WHICH THE JAPS CLAIM TO HAVE SUNK: The 33,000-ton "Saratoga," with a full complement of aircraft: *Saratoga* was laid down in September 1920; launched in April 1925; and completed in November 1927. She has a displacement of 33,000 (with full load, 40,000) tons; an overall length of 888 ft.; a complement of 2,122; and a speed of 33 knots. (*A further and detailed description of this vessel will be found on pp. 208-209 of this issue.*) Not content with claiming a Yorktown type aircraft-carrier, the Japs have also claimed another, "of the Saratoga type," as a victim in the Coral Sea Battle. When this picture was taken the carrier's decks were lined with her aircraft: but it is not unlikely that these biplane types have to-day been superseded by the more modern monoplanes and dive-bombers in which the U.S. Navy now specialise. It was intended some little time ago to modernise the *Saratoga* and her sister ship *Lexington* at a cost of 15,000,000 dollars for the two. Each was to be improved as regards anti-aircraft and gas defence, damage control and aircraft operation. The flight deck was to be widened at the bow by 60 ft.; and a bulge was to be built along the port side, nearly the full length of the ship and adding two and a half feet to the beam, to balance the weight of the island superstructure. Work was to have begun on the *Saratoga* on January 1, 1941



THE BATTLESHIP "CALIFORNIA," showing her frog bow and the "waste-paper-basket" mast: This old battleship, which the Japs claimed to have sunk, was commissioned in 1919: she is of 32,600 tons and carries a complement of 1,480. Her speed is 21 knots; and her principal armament consists of twelve 14-in. guns. This vessel was to have been modernised during 1940-1941, along with her sister ship *Tennessee*, but the plans for their reconstruction were later abandoned

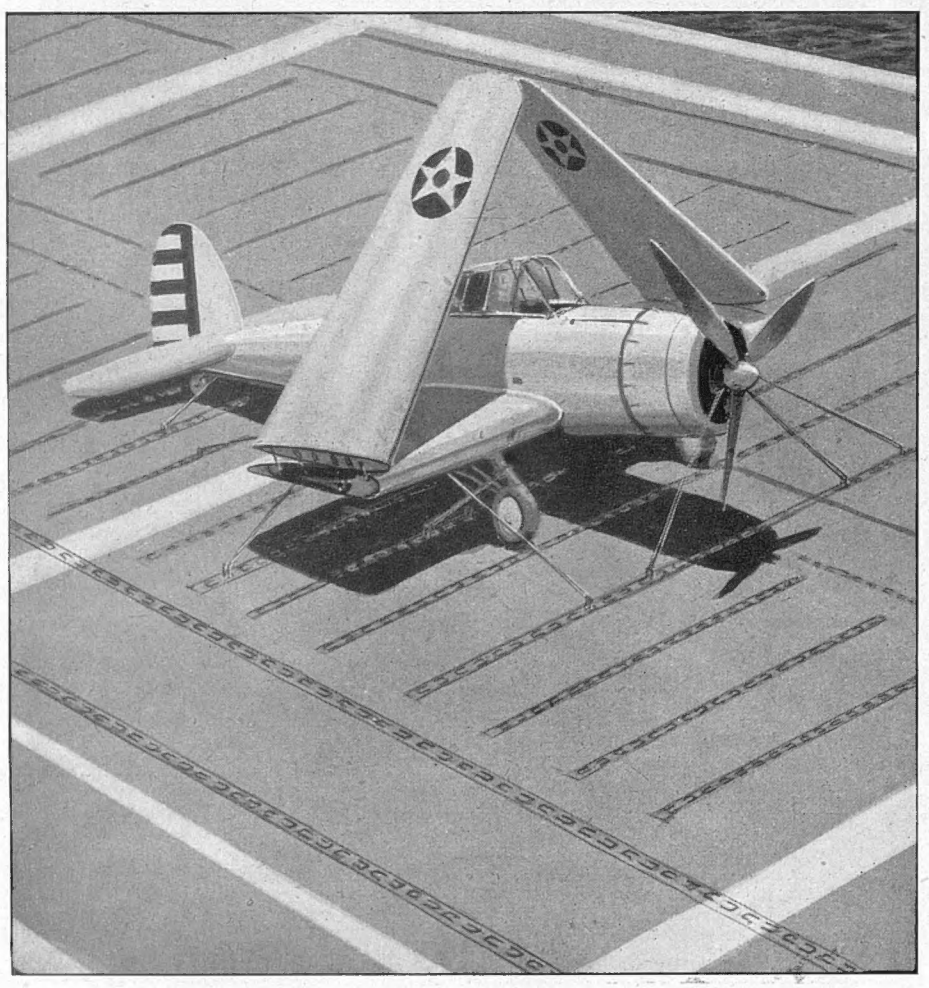


THE AUSTRALIAN CRUISER "CANBERRA," claimed by the Japs to have been sunk: This vessel was launched in May 1927. With her sister *Australia*, she is similar to the Kent class of the Royal Navy. As reconstructed recently, *Canberra* is of 10,000 tons, and carries a complement of 679 (or 710 when acting as a flagship). Her armament consists of eight 8-in. guns and a number of smaller guns. Her radius of action at economical speeds is 10,400 miles, and her full speed 31½ knots

The BATTLE of the CORAL SEA—*continued*

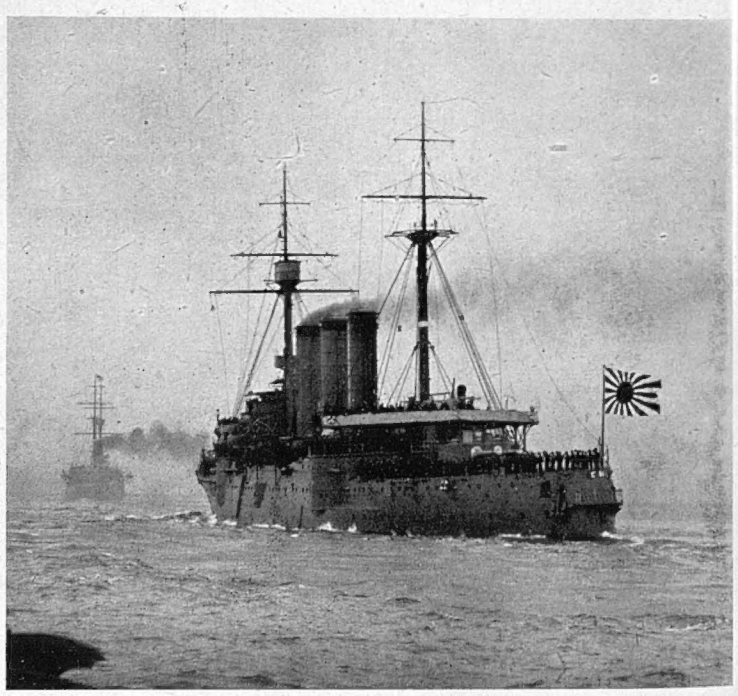
WHAT THE MOST MODERN OF THE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS LOOKS LIKE : An overhead view of the "Enterprise," sister-ship to the "Yorktown." Each is of 19,900 tons displacement, has a speed of 34 knots, and carries seventy-six aircraft aboard—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

This picture shows the manner in which the flight deck is marked off in lines of varying width and spacings to assist the pilot in both direction and distance when landing or taking off. The aircraft-carrier has a length at the waterline of 761 ft., and an overall length of 809 ft. The complement carried, inclusive of flying personnel, is over 2,000. In this type of vessel, aircraft can be launched by catapult from the hangar deck as well as from the flight deck, thus increasing the number which can be put in the air at short notice. The part played by aircraft in the Battle of the Coral Sea may be gauged from the fact that 500 warplanes are reported to have taken part : many of the sinkings reported and a good deal of the damage were carried out by torpedo-dropping aircraft and dive-bombers. It is interesting to record that serious mechanical defects delayed the completion of both *Enterprise* and *Yorktown*, so that, although launched in 1936, neither was completed till 1938. Each is said to have cost 21,000,000 dollars, although the contract figure was 19,000,000. The newly-commissioned *Hornet* also belongs to this class, but she is costing 31,000,000 dollars



HOW AMERICAN FIGHTER AIRCRAFT ARE SECURED ON A U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER—with their wings folded upwards like a grasshopper—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Unlike the aircraft on a British carrier, many American types fold their wings upwards. By this means a great number of aeroplanes can be stowed on the flight deck ready for a very quick take-off. To accommodate the aircraft, thousands of sunken hooks have been fitted to the deck : these can be hinged up to attach to short lines for the purpose of holding down the planes when the vessel rolls in a heavy sea

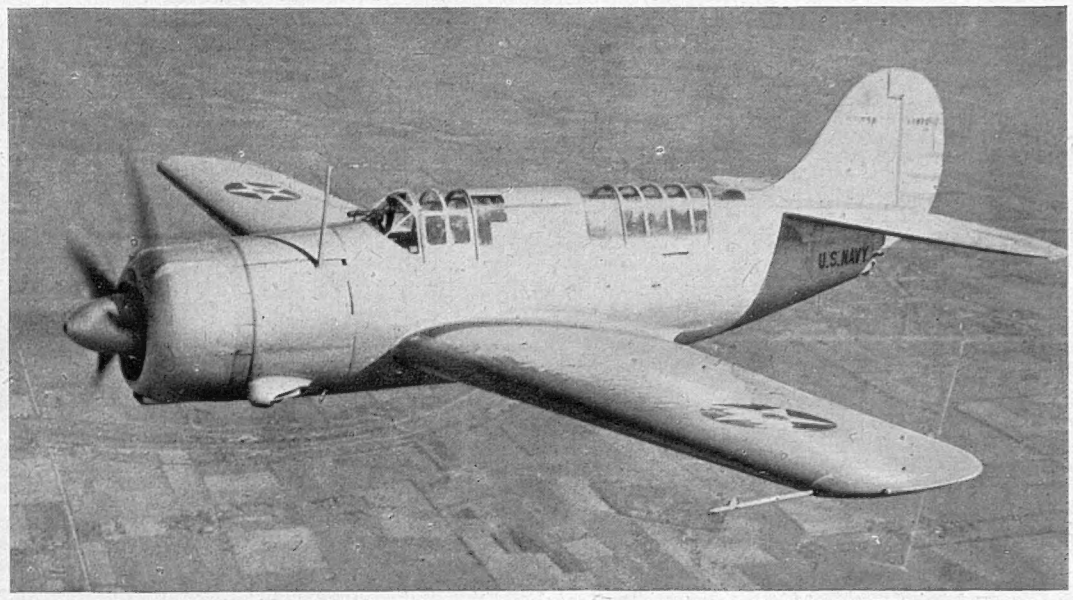


THE JAPANESE NAVY PREPARES FOR WAR : This picture was taken in the year 1938. For many years preceding and since (when the menace of war was looming larger), the Japs have exercised the utmost secrecy concerning all war-like activities—naval and military and aerial. Photographers have been stopped at every point ; and all that has been allowed to emerge from Japan has been what the naval and military commanders have wished to make public ! But by 1938 the training of the Japanese Navy was going along at a very intensified rate. This picture was taken when the naval training ships *Iwate* and *Yakumo*, under the command of Rear-Admiral Umataro Tanimato, left the Yokosuka naval station on a cruise to "an unrevealed destination" with a contingent of Jap naval cadets aboard

THIS IS A JAP "SUICIDE PILOT"

Much has been heard of the "suicide" tactics of the Japanese pilots. Here is one of them in full attire! He wears a "Mae West," and is loaded up with all kinds of gear—including an outsize in revolvers. A Japanese flag is being bound round his head before setting out on a "death-or-glory" flight. According to British pilots who have fought the Japs, the latter are undoubtedly brave—but the general impression is that the "suicide" talk is somewhat overdone. Many of the Japs have been under the impression that they would be executed soon after capture, and some of them may have attempted to forestall this by committing hara-kiri: those who *have* been captured, however, have soon settled down to life as prisoners of war!

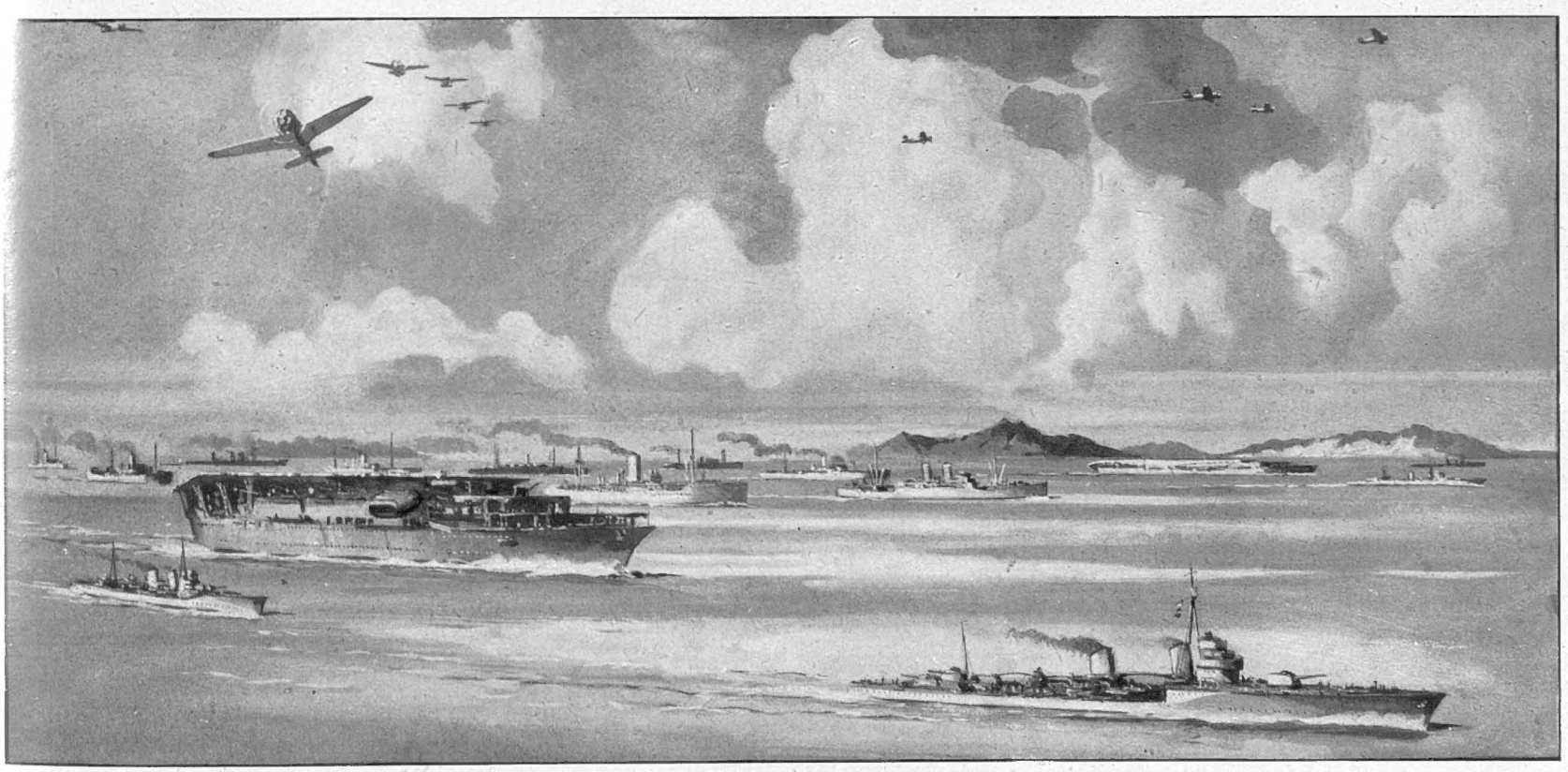
There have been cases, however, well attested, in which some Jap pilots have attempted to crash their aircraft on to the decks of the vessels they have been attacking. But such bravery is not a monopoly of the Japs: similar actions have been reported of U.S. pilots as well!



ONE OF THE DIVE-BOMBERS WHICH PROBABLY TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE

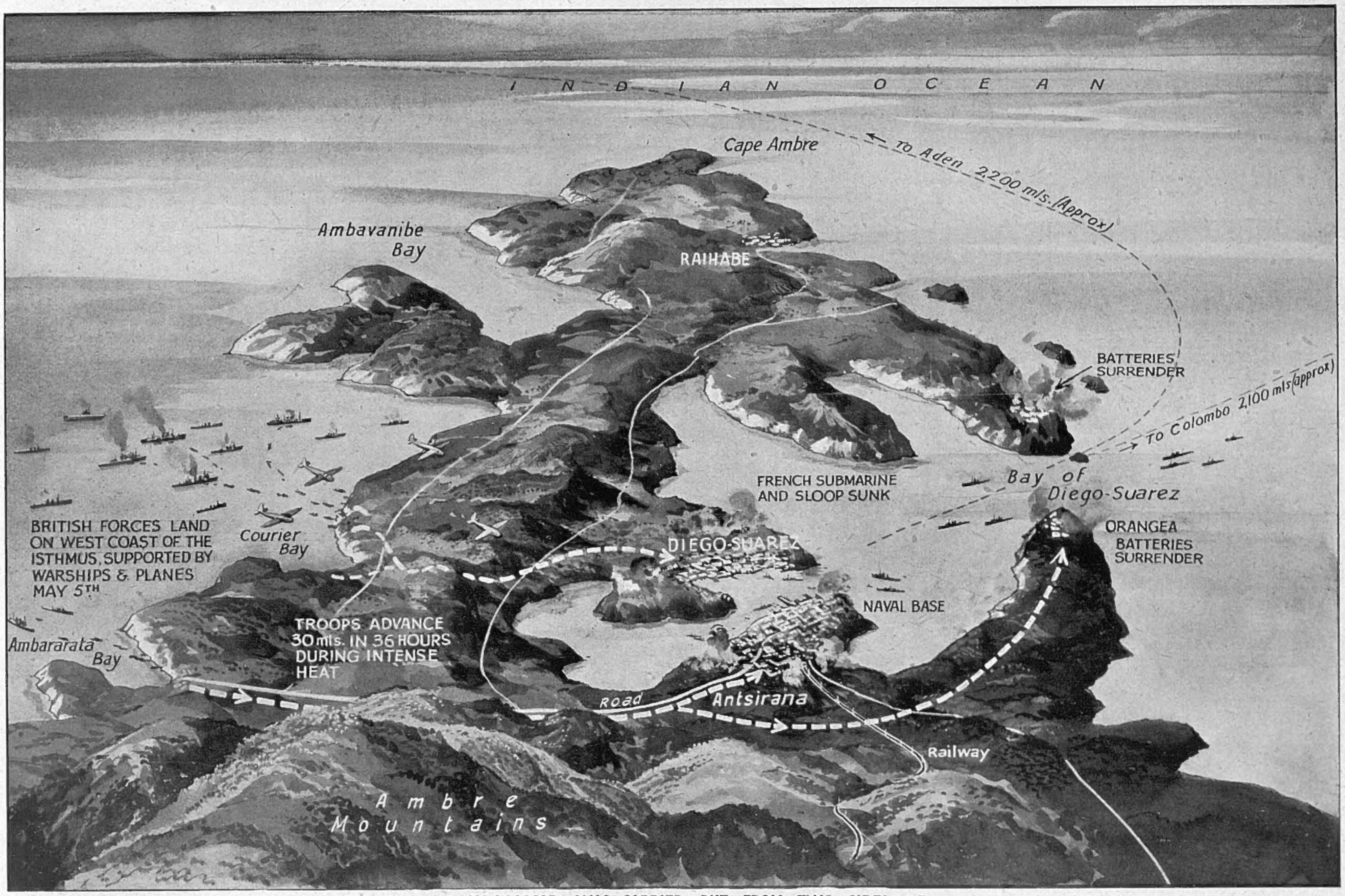
This is the XSB2C—1 dive-bomber of the U.S. Navy: it is probably better known as the Curtiss "Hell-Diver." For this type, it has been claimed that it carries nearly twice the bomb-load twice as far, and at least 80 miles an hour faster, than any other known dive-bomber. In all probability, this aircraft played a considerable part in the action of the Coral Sea. The Americans, it might be recalled, were the first to perfect the dive-bomber: their idea was then copied by the Germans and, later, by the Japanese. A feature of the "Hell-Diver" is that it carries its bomb-load within the fuselage, not externally

A SCOUT BOMBING PLANE OF THE U.S. NAVY circling over its aircraft-carrier whilst on patrol duty in the Pacific: This is one of the first pictures to be released showing the activities of the American Fleet since the war began; it has been passed by the U.S. Naval Censor

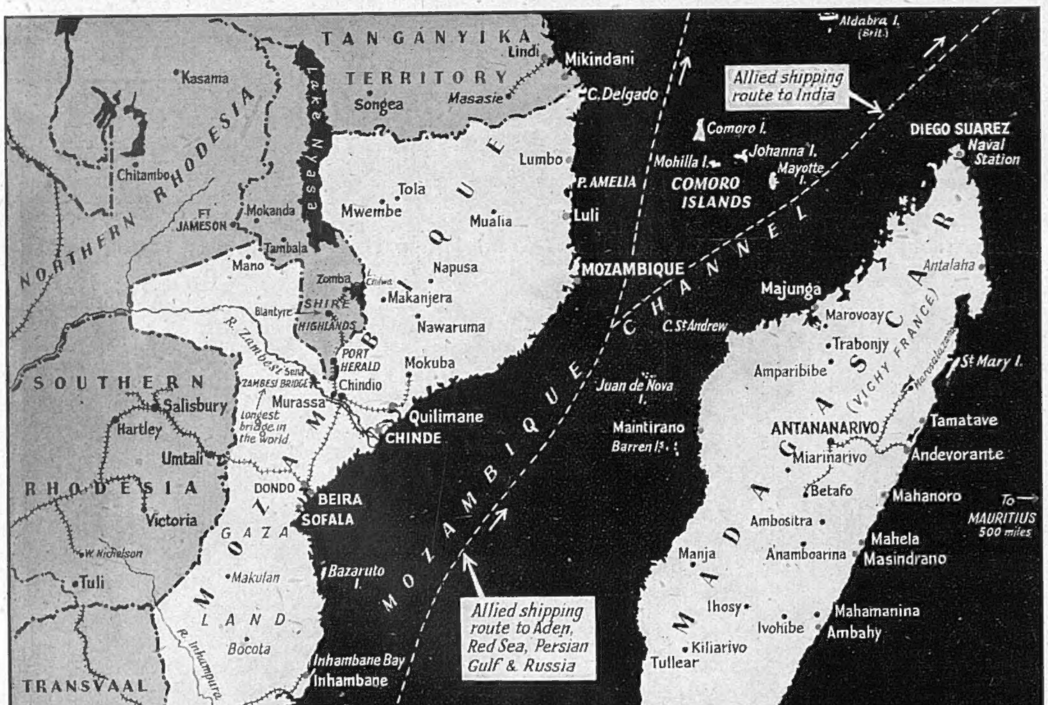


WHAT A JAP INVASION FLEET LOOKS LIKE: A typical Japanese Convoy of medium size passing through a chain of Pacific Islands—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

For many months after their treacherous attacks on the United States at Pearl Harbour, the Jap fleets had the freedom of the Pacific, and were able to move their invasion convoys almost at will. Then resistance began to stiffen: in the Macassar Strait a convoy was attacked and broken up with heavy losses by Allied naval forces; then the Australian and U.S. bombers, based in Northern Australia, began to take a hand. And now the Allied Nations have struck hard in the Coral Sea. The Jap convoys, which have hitherto been observed in the South-West Pacific, have frequently been accompanied by aircraft-carriers, the planes from which have given the fleet vital protection at the critical moment. In the drawing above, the aircraft-carrier is not of the latest type: it dates from the period 1937-38. The side vents, through which smoke is exhausted, have been altered from time to time during the course of progressive refits. The destroyers illustrated are also of a type which date from the 1937 period: their silhouette is marked by a couple of funnels and a light tripod mast



HOW THE ATTACK ON DIEGO SUAREZ, NAVAL BASE IN MADAGASCAR, WAS CARRIED OUT FROM TWO SIDES : From Courier Bay, on the west, two thrusts were made, whilst the harbour batteries on the east were stormed by Regular troops and Commando units—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



THE ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR, and its strategic position in the Indian Ocean off the African mainland : Madagascar is the third largest island in the world : it has been a protectorate of France since the year 1890, and a French Colony since 1896—although in its earlier history the French hold had been strongly contested by the native population. Diego Suarez, which has come so strongly into the news, was obtained by the French in 1885. The area of Madagascar is 228,000 square miles ; its length is 1,000 miles, and its extreme breadth 360 miles. Lying off the east coast of Africa, from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel (which is 250 miles wide), the island occupies a very strategic position in the Indian Ocean. To the south-west lies the port of Durban, on which British naval power in these waters hinges : all about the island are the great supply routes to the Far East. Thus Japanese occupation of Madagascar would have been a grievous blow to the Allied cause. It is obviously impossible to garrison completely an island of such extent ; and the French forces were therefore concentrated around Diego Suarez, where Vichy stated that they had some 7,000 men. This naval base is separated by many hundreds of miles from the capital, Antananarivo, which lies in the centre of the island

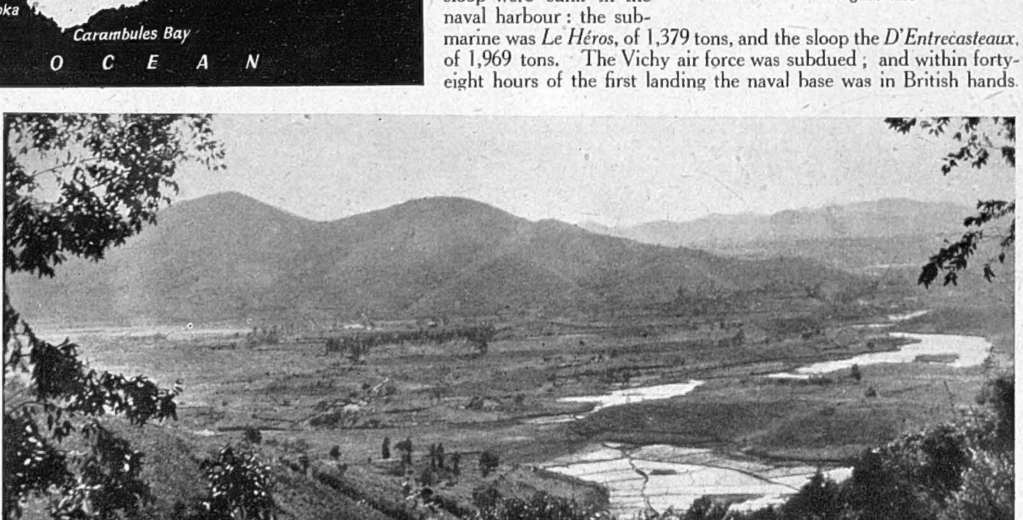
THE OCCUPATION OF MADAGASCAR

By British Forces on Thursday, May 7

DIEGO SUAREZ was defended by some 7,000 troops, according to the Vichy Government and from this same source it was stated that twenty-three British ships put into Courier Bay, on the west side of the northern tip of Madagascar, for the subjugation of the naval base. These ships were five large vessels, twelve of medium tonnage, and six small. One force made its way across the island to Diego Suarez itself, whilst a second force advanced on Antsirana, at the south of the bay. Then Regular troops and Commando units swept the Orangea peninsula clear of the defenders. In the final operations, a Vichy submarine and sloop were sunk in the naval harbour : the submarine was *Le Héros*, of 1,379 tons, and the sloop the *D'Entrecasteaux*, of 1,969 tons. The Vichy air force was subdued ; and within forty-eight hours of the first landing the naval base was in British hands.

THE COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH NAVAL FORCES : Rear-Admiral E. N. Syfret, C.B., who is a South African and who formerly was Naval Secretary to Winston Churchill when he was First Lord. He was given command of a Cruiser Squadron in August last

On right—**THE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY IN THE CENTRE OF THE ISLAND : The plains and hills on the route from Antananarivo, the capital, to Tamatave, the island's chief port on the east coast**



ITALY—LAND TO INVADE, OR TO ENTICE?

A Sober Appraisal of the Present Position of the Axis Junior Partner—What She has Suffered and What She has Gained in the War So Far, and How She Stands at the Present Moment, Internally and in Relation to Germany and France

By FERDINAND TUOHY

PROBABLY a number of people are getting a trifle tired of the serial story: "Disintegrating Italy," to a further chapter of which we were recently treated apropos of the Salzburg meeting of Hitler and Mussolini. On and off, since Sidi Barrani, eighteen months ago, we have heard the same refrain, but it hardly seems to get us anywhere. The latest version followed the customary pattern. First, Italy was shown as being in a hopeless, vastly suffering state; and then she was told she 'd have to rise and shake off the Germans herself, and not expect any bribing or enticement from the Allies.

Now, one is very ready to believe that an extremely large body of Italians are fed up with where the Fascist Party has led them, and that an even larger number of Italians are fed up to the backmost teeth with the presence of the Germans in their country. But it also seems to be the case that almost all of these Italians at present go to form an inert mass, whose physical woes are not as bad as we are led to believe, and that they will not risk rising, unhelped, against the Germans, for the good reason that they are not yet certain that the war may not end in a negotiated peace.

More wishful thinking is indulged about Italy than about any other belligerent. "She is not far from starving," says the *Spectator* editorially; while the *Sunday Times* stresses that Mussolini "has had to reduce still further the rations of his starvelings," who "must eat less, work more and not grumble at all." Furthermore, Mussolini "had to admit 'disturbing features such as indiscipline and individual fraud.' Such offences were to be 'inexorably punished.'" What price our own rations—aren't they pretty near the bone (if any)? Isn't Britain eternally enjoined to eat less, work more and not grumble? And how about the indiscipline in factories—like the thousands of girls who latterly did nothing but dance and sing for ten days—and the gross frauds of profiteering and the black market; which the Government now proposes to punish inexorably? Do we read national disintegration from such happenings? Yet how much more food is required in this climate than under Italy's benign sun, where wine yet flows in abundance, and fruit may be picked in passing! Italians lack *pasta*, and their bread is growing poorer in quality and less in quantity; but a starving nation . . . a starving nation is Greece, not Italy!

The *Spectator* went on to say that Italy had "lost the whole of her colonial empire and half her fleet. She is policed by German troops and S.S. men, her industrial centres have been bombed, and will be bombed again, and she has not even received the territorial reward which tempted her into the war." This hotchpotch represents another aspect of the wishful thinking about Italy.

1. Italy has lost Abyssinia, Eritrea and her slice of Somaliland, but remains widely entrenched in North Africa. She has gained the long-coveted Dalmatian and Greek coasts, and thereby the whole Adriatic; she remains as firmly as ever in the Dodecanese; and is in occupation all over the Ægean and on the Greek mainland. 2. There has been ample time to repair the battle fleet since Táranto. Mussolini has deliberately conserved his Navy in order that it should do what it is doing to-day: keep the British Mediterranean Fleet occupied and restricted in movement. 3. The weight of bombs dropped on Italian industry probably hasn't equalled one night on Rostock, and the civilian casualties have been trifling. 4. The territorial rewards of Nice, Corsica and Tunis remain in suspense by long-standing agreement with Hitler, so that the most use may be made of vanquished France up to Axis victory, when a fooled France would have to yield said rewards. That Mussolini has been pressing for cession now of these places is more due to fear that Laval may save them for France, and to belief that possession is nine-tenths of the law, than to a need to throw a sop to Italians.

We should think it a pretty hotchpotch were Gayda to sound off to the effect that Britain had lost "vast and vital spaces of her Empire and a considerable portion of her fleet. She is committed deeply for the future to the United States and to Russia, her industrial centres have been terribly bombed, and now her show towns are getting the same; while, unlike all her previous wars, this war can bring no territorial or other rewards to Britain."

Rather than continue to build castles in Italy—tottering castles—it might be better if we paid attention to a report like this from the Australian Guy Harriott: "An interesting feature recently observed is the increased intermingling of Germans and Italians, especially in the so-called 'battle-groups' operating in forward areas. That this intermingling is a successful method of stiffening the Italians has already been proved in action, notably at Halfaya, where the Italians put up a good show. A captured German officer recently said: 'The most remarkable thing about Rommel is that he can make even the Italians fight.'" There are said to be at least six stiffened Italian divisions confronting General Auchinleck, which scarcely suggests the already consummated end of Italy as an African quantity.

Hitler quite clearly sees two danger-signs in the Italian sky. The first is that the slightest Anglo-American invasion of Italian soil might spread like wildfire to cries of "Long live the English!" and "Long live the Americans!" He is therefore "intermingling" all three of the armed forces of Germany and Italy to the utmost of the persuasive powers he possesses over Mussolini, so that Germans shall stiffen Italians in an Eastern Mediterranean bastion against possible invasion of Italy. To this end, he takes more Italian effectives for the Russia campaign, and sends corresponding and more than compensating German effectives to Italy.

ITALIAN PRISONERS OF WAR ARRIVE IN BRITAIN—Further numbers have been brought here for labour work: some of the latest arrivals are here seen waiting to board a train after being disembarked in England. Note the lightly-clad gentleman on the left; and the white patches on the trousers of the remainder

So much for one side of the Italian question: invasion, chances of. Nor may the battering of Malta be exclusively in order to open a clear way across to Africa: it can also serve to hinder the Anglo-Americans using Malta as a stepping-stone for the invasion of Sicily.

The second danger sign that Hitler indubitably sees concerns the risk of the Allies using at long last the weapon of political warfare, and of their enticing the Italians for all practical purposes out of the war. This German fear is implicit in the statement of Goebbel's paper that "Italy's only chance is to stay alongside Germany." None remember better than the Germans how Italy was bought into the last war, and it is only natural that they should fear she may be bought out of this one.

Put yourself in the Germans' place to-day *vis-à-vis* the Italians. The Germans know that all Italians, save a hopelessly incriminated Fascist core, share feelings towards Hitler that can only be characterised as a mixture of detestation and dread. The Germans know that, quite apart from the popular mass of Italians, the leading forces of the country which used to support international Fascism are now turned against it, or are gradually approaching that state: dynastic and military elements, the clerical hierarchy, the big industrialists and farmers, families of the aristocracy. Where these forces found themselves for various reasons able to side with, and support an Italian Fascist dictator, they have progressively become disillusioned when not shocked by the vision of an Italian dictator permanently in the toils of a German who has set most of the world against him, and whose motto is "winner takes all"—including Italy.

It follows that the longer the Allies scorn to state a case by which this Italy of the inert mass and the disillusioned forces could be readmitted to the comity of nations, the better pleased will Hitler be. Yet we know what we want from to-morrow's Italians. We know what they have really lost under Fascism, and it isn't so much a question of territory as their good name. The Italians who staged the gassing of Ethiopians, the blackguardly attack on peaceful, harmless Greece, the stabbing in the back of prostrate France—they are not wanted back. There were other things, but no need to introduce controversy, the above being quite sufficient.

We want Italians to disown the system which did these things. And the best way to begin disowning it is for Italians to organise passive resistance to the Nazis' war in all its aspects, inside and outside Italy. We know that too. *But* if we invite the Italians to passive resistance, as we invite the French and others, why should we not at the same time offer something to the Italians in return? We do it towards France every day, although France has imperilled and damaged us every bit as much as Italy has done. None the less, both the United States and ourselves have solemnly undertaken to see France and her possessions integrally restored.

Here I collide with that eminently respectable organ, the *Sunday Times*, which writes: "There is still a chance for Italy to break away from Mussolini, to secure peace, and to get rid of the universally detested Tedeschi. But Italy must save herself, and the sands are running out." And again: "We can make no promises to Italy. She would do well to abandon the Germans for her own sake; but the Allies are not bribing her to do so."

"Bribing" is surely a bad word. "Enticing" is more like it. "Talking turkey" about hits things. But the *Sunday Times* isn't prepared even to talk turkey, apparently. It believes that the Italians can secure peace and eject the Tedeschi by some solely Italian process, without the Allies deigning to lift a hand towards what would in effect constitute a crashing Allied victory.

Well, it is my belief that nothing will start cooking in Italy, that inert mass, until either Germany starts really losing, or the Allies come off their perches and adumbrate a positive programme towards a future Italy shorn of those aspects of Fascism which imperil other people. There is a good deal of share and share alike yet to be done in this world, and perhaps in no place more so than in the whole basin of the Mediterranean, by which is included Asia Minor and all North Africa. If the certitude of a new and other Italy is procurable during the conflict by guaranteeing space and rights to future Italians, none of us can be so blameless as not to wish to profit by the opportunity.

The Confusion that is Burma . . .

HOW THE IRRAWADDY OILFIELDS FELL TO THE JAPS

Out of the Welter of Confusion Surrounding the Campaign in Burma has come a Vivid and Clear-cut Description of the Yenangyaung Fighting. Aspects of this are Illustrated in the Special Drawings and Diagram published below, which Endeavour to Elucidate One of the Most Desperate and Involved Campaigns Ever Undertaken by the British Army Abroad—*Drawings by Roland Davies, E. G. Lambert and E. Byatt*

HEADQUARTERS AT YENANGYAUNG HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED IN A LARGE TEMPLE SET IN THE MIDST OF A GREAT GROVE OF TREES: At twilight planes swooped over low, but they were chased back by British anti-aircraft fire, although it was realised that the Jap aircraft would return on the morrow. Tanks began rumbling back from the front, carrying wounded on their decks and depositing them in the dirt alongside the road. In the middle distance the installations of the Yenangyaung oilfields are seen going up in a mass of flames—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE FIGHTING AT YENANGYAUNG COVERED THE PERIOD FROM APRIL 16 TO 19. Infiltrating from the south, and landing by boat across the Irrawaddy, the Japanese attacked steadily, driving our forces through Yenangyaung, then through the oilfield district on towards the north. The main action took place at Twingon village, where our tanks had to detour, to cross the Pin River and regain the road above the Twingon block—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE REARGUARD FIGHTING ALONG THE IRRAWADDY VALLEY: After marching 25 miles under the cruel sun, the troops were almost exhausted. The British Commander, a General, was seated under a tree with his chief of staff: he was laying his plans for the morrow, when he intended to move his headquarters to a point near the Pin River. He said that his men had been fighting for three months without relief, averaging 20 miles a day in forced marches, and fighting a grand delaying action the whole time—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE FIGHTING ON THE ROAD IN THE YENANGYAUNG OILFIELD AREA, where the outlet to the north was blocked by the Japanese at Twingon: As the tanks brought back the wounded on their decks, the General in command ordered the war correspondents at the spot to take care of them and make them as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

NOWHERE during the present war—not even in Malaya—has the fighting been of such a confused nature as in Burma: frequently, in Press and on radio, the confession has been made that no precise picture of it could be presented. Fighting and counter-fighting, attack and counter-attack, advance and retreat have followed in bewildering fashion—the whole complicated by the existence of a formidable Fifth Column of Burmese traitors and renegades.

Then, out of the confusion, came a vivid and clear-cut series of despatches from Chinese-speaking Jack Belden, war correspondent in China for the past eight years. From his narratives some of the proper perspective has been restored to what has proved one of the most involved campaigns on which the British Army has ever embarked.

The Irrawaddy oilfield around Yenangyaung when it was reached by our forces from the south was a barren, waterless, foodless waste, surrounded by an ever-tightening ring of the enemy, the battlefield growing smaller every day. "Jap soldiers and Burmese traitors pounded us with mortars and machine-gun fire," said Mr. Belden; "sniped at us from innumerable crevices and ravines; and sought to crack our morale by shrieking and howling at us in the dark from hidden recesses. We were beaten upon by a pitiless sun, without shelter; we were without reserves, short of ammunition, without rations; and we had to fight for every drop of filthy water we could find—until the last day."

On April 16 the Japs were advancing swiftly up the Irrawaddy valley: everything of value in these Yenangyaung oilfields by that time had been set ablaze, and traitors helped in the work by firing the business section of the town. The British forces, after terrific fighting around Magwe to the south, were now retreating northwards past blazing Yenangyaung towards the Pinchaung, or Pin River, a wide, sandy wash, still filled with two feet of water, making the crossing difficult for motorised columns.

The main road north had been blocked at Twingon village by Jap units which had infiltrated from the south: whilst the British attacked from below, fresh Chinese reinforcements from the north attempted to clear the road block. At the same time, however, the Japs (who had occupied Yenangyaung only twenty minutes after our departure!) were pressing on from behind. At half-past six in the morning of April 18, British soldiers went in to the attack, followed by Burmese soldiers and by tanks. Soon the Inniskillings were fighting around the ice-factory village of Twingon. "At twilight planes swooped over us low, but they were chased back by our A.-A. fire. We were in such an open position we knew they would be back by to-morrow. Tanks began rumbling back from the front, carrying wounded on their decks and depositing them in the dirt along the road." These were taken care of by the war correspondents, by the General's orders.

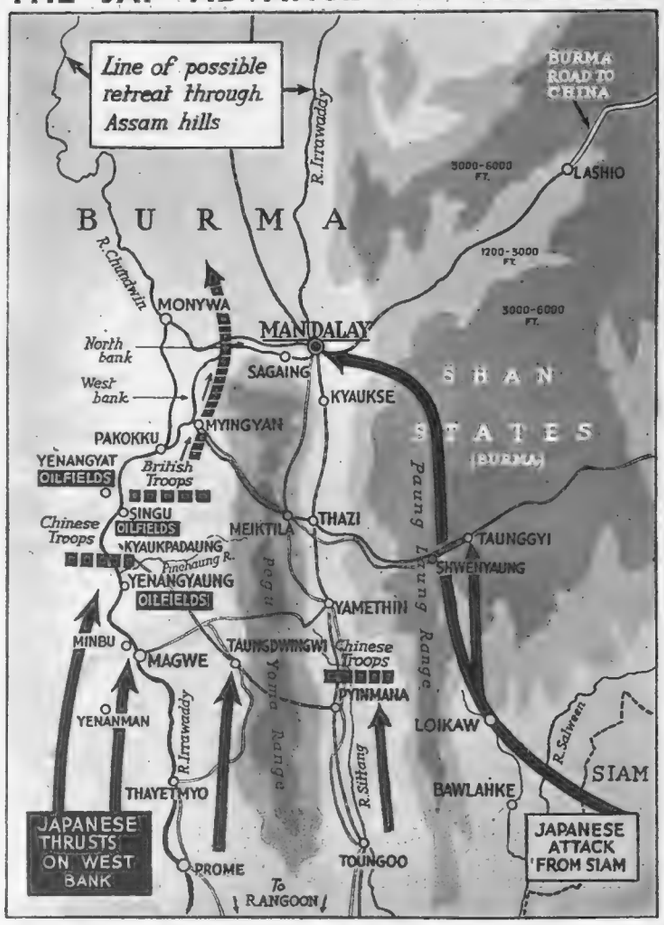
In the meantime the Japanese had come up the Irrawaddy and landed from gunboats in unknown numbers. The British rear was thus in a more precarious state than ever. At this moment it was decided that a break-through *must* be made. The tanks went forward, Yorkshires and Inniskillings in support—but the block was immovable: some of the tanks now decided to swing out across country, through the thick patches of sand-dunes. Machine-gun fire met the British attackers at every turn and from every point of vantage.

"Then, up the main road, I saw green-clad soldiers, their caps embossed with a white sun on a blue background. They were moving into Yenangyaung. A tide of overpowering joy flooded through me as I recognised the insignia of the Chinese Army."

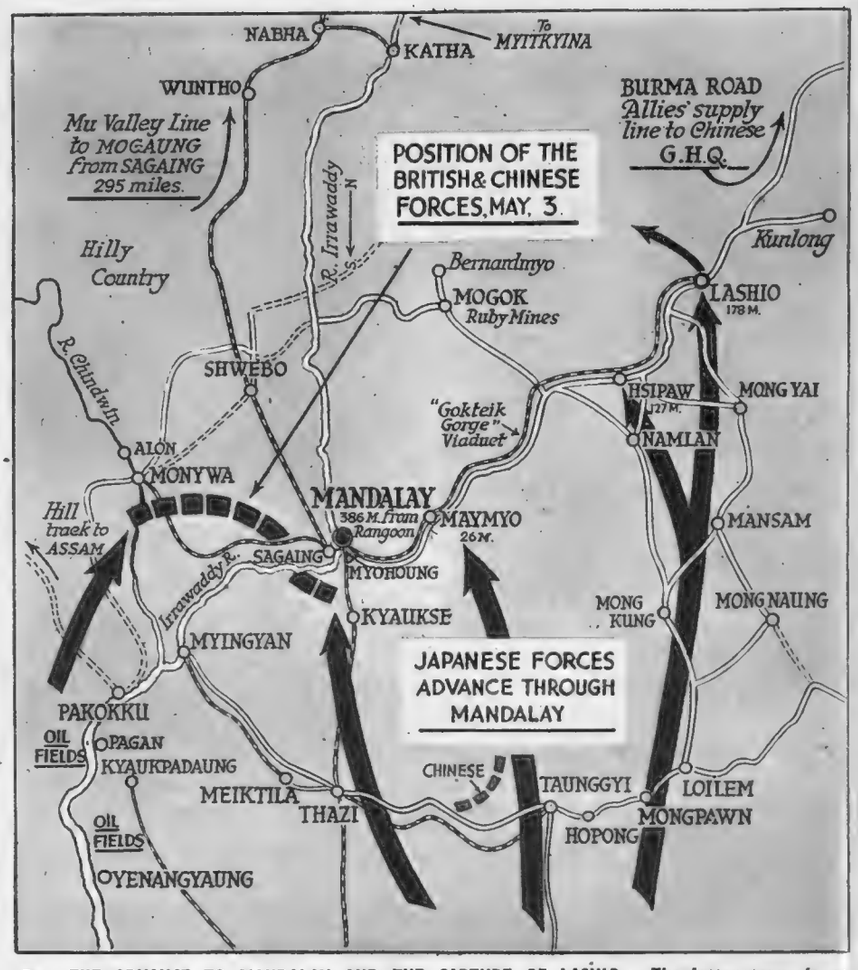
It was through the Chinese that our forces were able to escape from the hell that was Yenangyaung. Some of our men were delirious, some wounded, some exhausted. The British General then said: "If my troops could get only one complete night's rest, a day without having to march in the sun, and plenty of water to drink, they would soon be back in fighting trim. This war is different from the World War. There you fought six weeks in the line and were relieved. But here we have been fighting three months without relief, averaging 20 miles a day marching, fighting on the whole a grand delaying action."

During part of the three days and nights of never-ceasing action the British Commander's headquarters had been beneath a tree in the open near the main road. With the coming of the Chinese all our troops were able to escape to the north. The oilfields, as has been stated, were destroyed; it is considered doubtful if the installations can be repaired in time for the oil to be of use to the Japs in *this* war. And, finally, Japanese plans for the total overrunning of Burma received a serious hold-up by this great and heroic action by Yorkshire, Scottish, Irish, Indian and Burmese troops

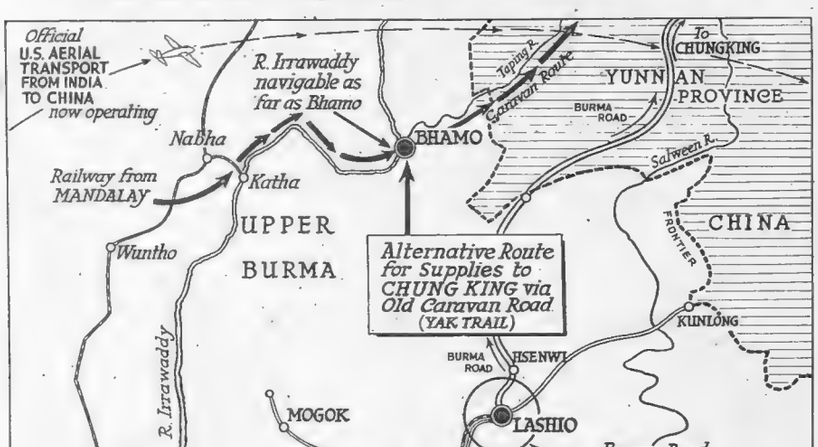
THE JAP ADVANCE ON MANDALAY



1. THE TRIPLE LINE OF ATTACK IN BURMA: By way of the Irrawaddy through Magwe; through Toungoo along the Sittang River; and from the Salween through Taunggyi and the Shan States



2. THE ADVANCE TO MANDALAY AND THE CAPTURE OF LASHIO: The latter town is at the head of the Burma Road, which is thus no longer of use as a supply route to China. Mandalay and Maymyo are now also both in Jap hands



3. FROM LASHIO THE JAPS CAN NOW ATTACK BHAMO, on the caravan route into the heart of China, which is an alternative to the now-lost Burma Road

THE advance of the Japanese through Central Burma to Mandalay took the form of three main prongs—the first up the Irrawaddy valley through Magwe and Yenangyaung; the second along the Sittang River; and the third through Taunggyi, across the Salween. The last-mentioned was also the means of approach to Lashio at the western end of the famous Burma Road, which can thus no longer function as a supply route into China. The fighting at Yenangyaung, on the first "prong," is fully described on the two preceding pages of this issue. On the Sittang line, contact with the Chinese forces was made at Pyinmana: thereafter the Japs advanced northwards by way of Thazi and Kyaukse. The third prong was pushed out from Siam, across the Salween River through Loikaw, Shwenyaung and the Shan States. In a later stage, the Japanese attack along this third line fanned out to Lashio and Hsipaw.

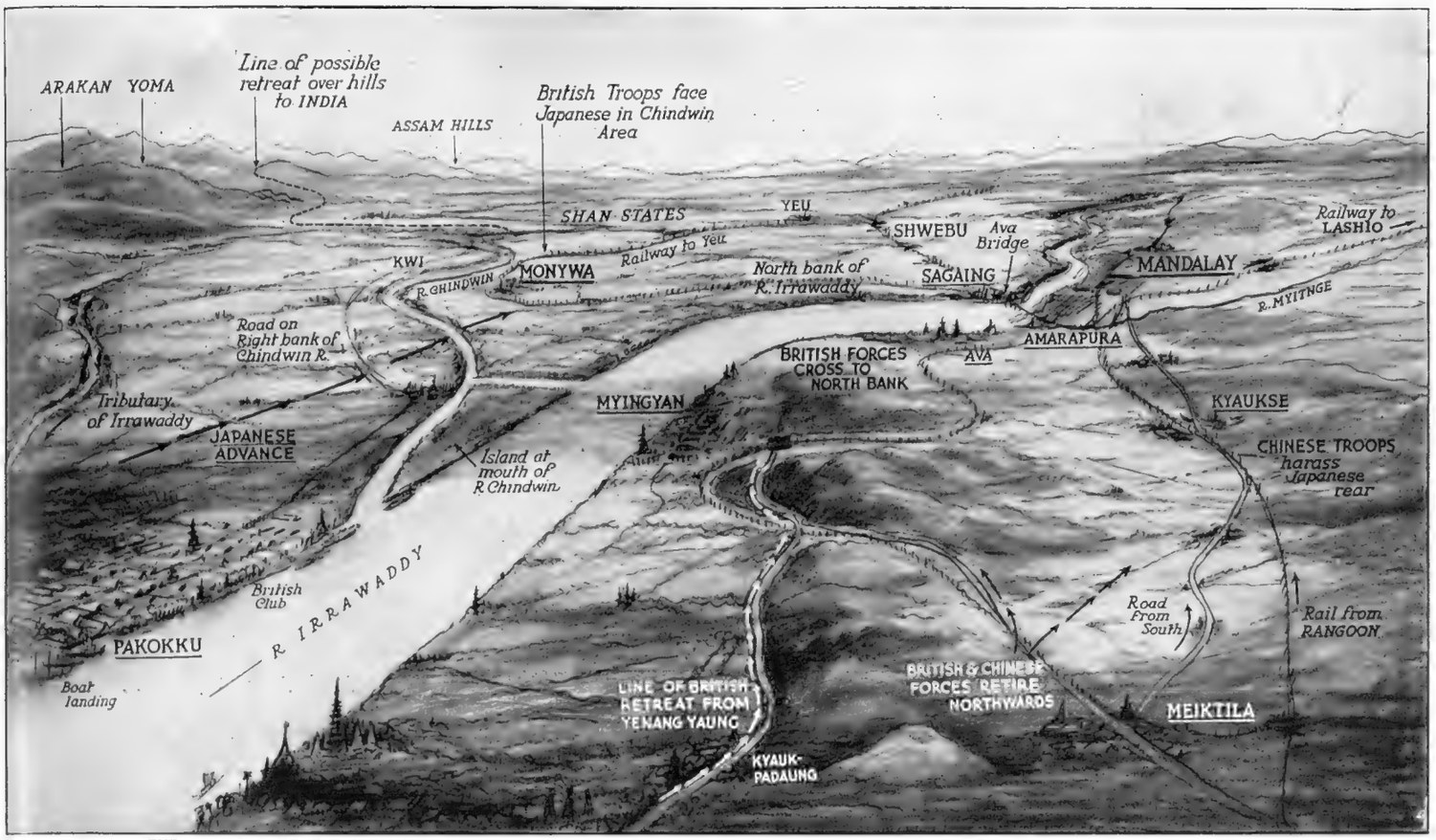
After the occupation of Lashio, Japanese troops closed in on Mandalay and Maymyo, from which the Burmese Government had already retired. The battle area was then 380 miles to the north of Rangoon. Chinese troops, who had helped our forces at Yenangyaung, accompanied the British across the Irrawaddy, towards the Chindwin, its foremost tributary. It may be that the latter might prove a line of retreat for our troops if circumstances compel a movement towards India.

Since occupying Lashio the Japanese have shown evidence of pressing on towards Bhamo, which stands on the caravan route to Kunming and which connects up with the Burma Road at a point deep in Chinese territory. The aim of the enemy would, at the moment, appear to be the cutting off of the British forces in this region by a wide encircling movement, and a further stopping of any supplies to China. The map here indicates the air supply route with which the U.S. is at present maintaining contact with Kunming. Thousands of tons of American supplies have already been flown in transport planes by this route

***On right*—THE FLIGHT FROM BURMA: The amazing scene as the thousands upon thousands of Indian refugees fled before the advancing Japs**

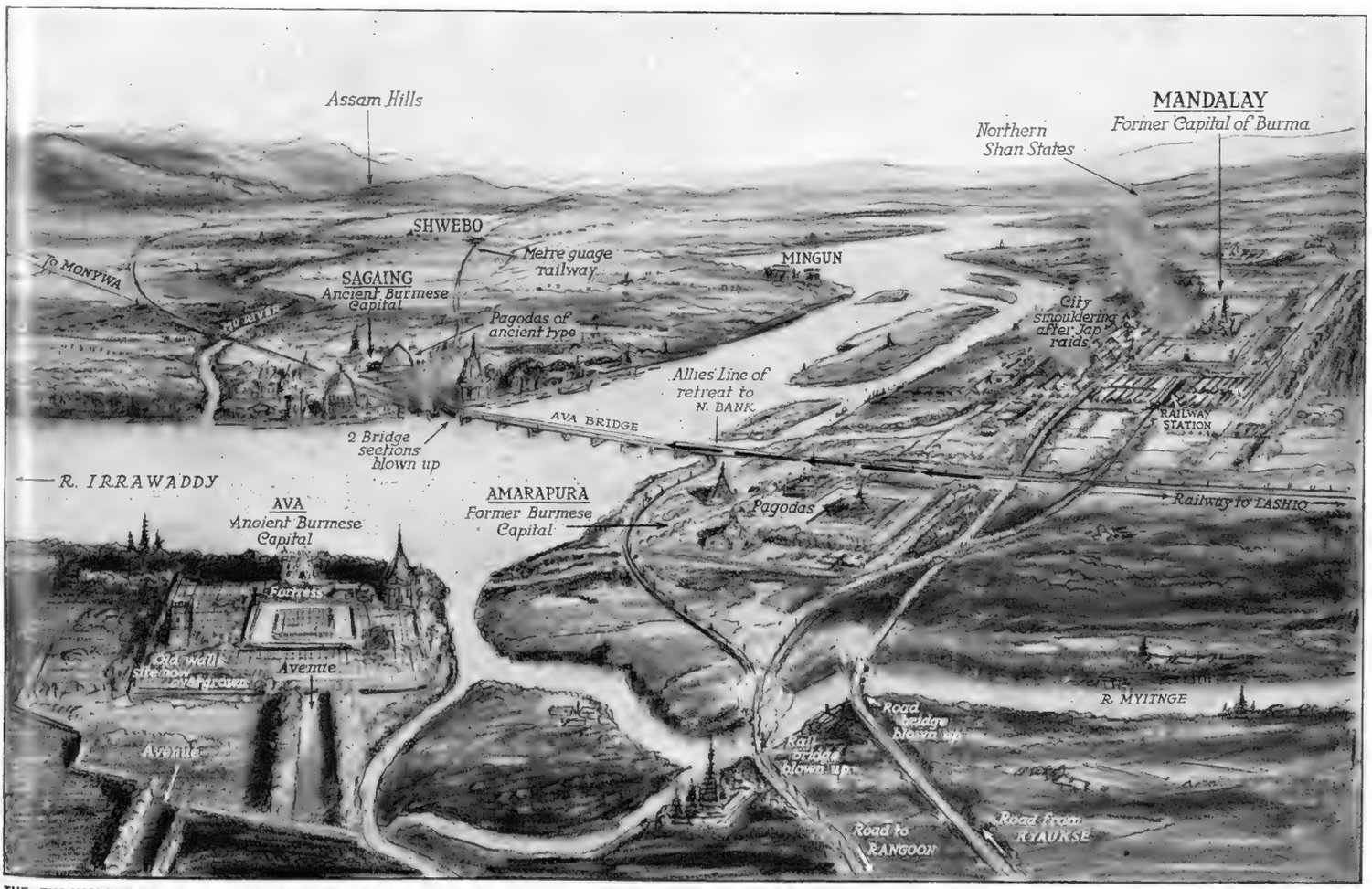
Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

Great as was the exodus from Belgium in the early days of the war, and scandalous as were the scenes accompanying the evacuation of Paris a little later, it is doubtful whether Europe ever witnessed such scenes as those enacted in Burma when the native population realised how close the enemy was to their towns and villages. Thousands upon thousands of Indians, long settled in Burma, packed all their household goods on bullock-carts and trekked for the rivers. Their object was to cross these great lateral obstacles, and then traverse the mountain barriers between Burma and Assam, *en route* for India. Scenes like those depicted by our artist in the drawing on the right were witnessed at every strategic point in Burma during the great exodus



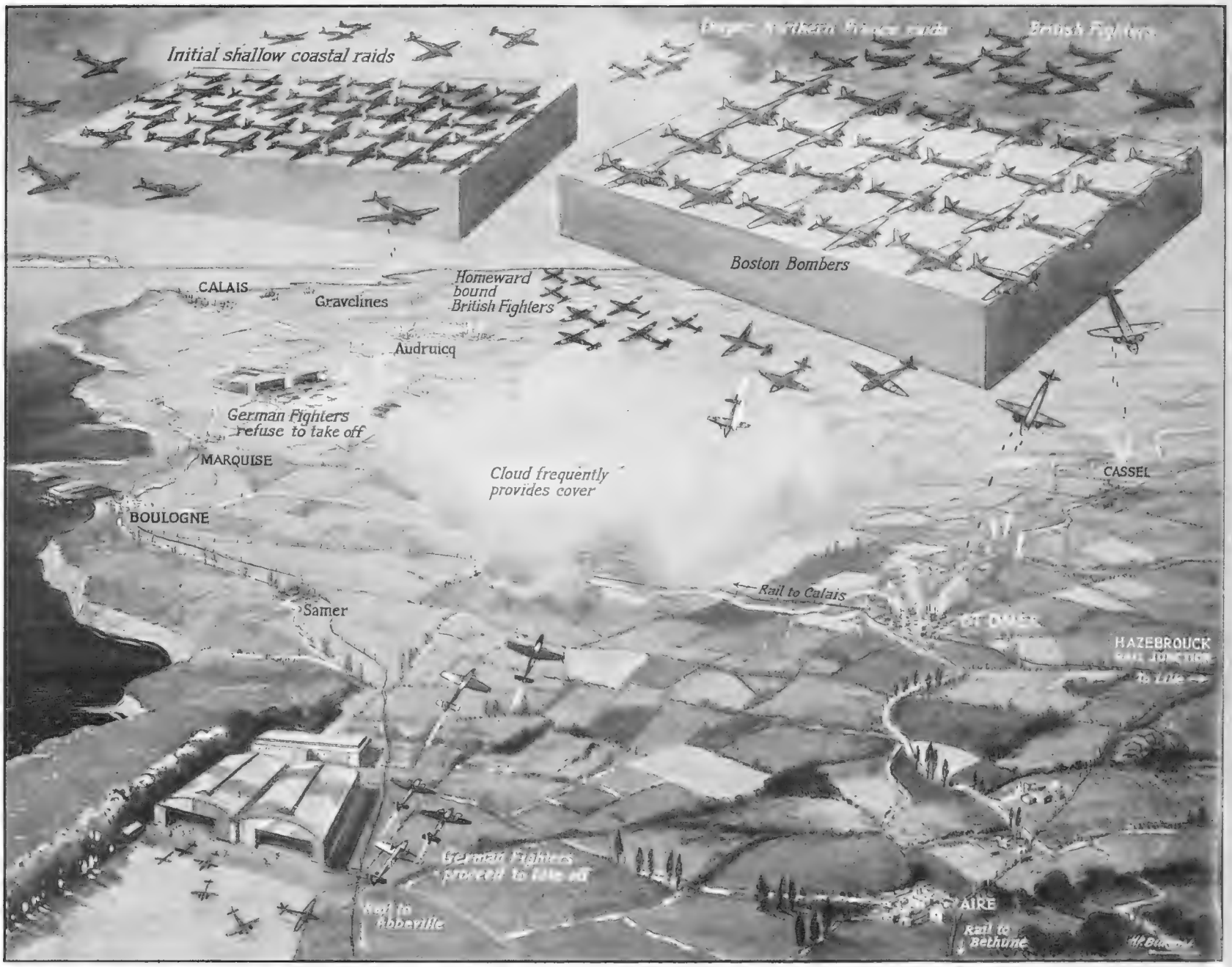
THE CROSSING OF THE IRRAWADDY: The last phase of the Japanese thrust along the river towards Mandalay—*Drawing by Percy Home*

When the British-Chinese positions which had stretched from Yenangyaung through Meiktila to Taunggyi broke up, a general movement was made towards the north, where a crossing of the Irrawaddy was successfully accomplished. The territory through which the troops had to retreat was much more open than further south, and the heat was a sore trial to the constantly retreating troops. From Kyauk Padaung they made their way northwards, skirting Myingyan town on the right bank of the River Irrawaddy. The route was sufficiently near the river to provide an easy water supply. Further to the west, the Chinese were holding isolated areas and fighting with no immediate supply line open: they were, however, harassing the Japanese lines, as the enemy forced his way to the Lashio-Mandalay railway. After crossing the Irrawaddy to the north bank (the river here flows east to west for a large part of its course), the Allied troops were discovered in the region of Monywa, a town and station on one of the few northern railway branches from Mandalay. At the same time, Japanese troops were landing at Pakokku, a busy town on the western bank which possessed a British quarter with a social club and other amenities. The Japanese then penetrated northwards and approached the River Chindwin, the biggest tributary of the Irrawaddy, up which our troops may have to proceed if they intend to seek a refuge in India



THE EVACUATION OF MANDALAY, AND THE RETREAT ACROSS THE AVA BRIDGE TO THE NORTH BANK OF THE IRRAWADDY: Four capital cities of Burma were the scenes of heavy fighting before Mandalay fell to the Japanese—Ava, Amarapura, Sagaing and Mandalay: the first three are ancient sites now partly overgrown, but with their tombs and pagodas still standing—*Drawing by Percy Home*

When Lashio fell to the Japanese, the evacuation of Mandalay, once the glittering and gilded capital of cruel King Thebaw, became imperative. The city was smouldering in many places owing to repeated Japanese air raids; to the south, the rail and road bridges over the River Myitnge had been blown up when the Allied troops retired from Kyaukse and the Irrawaddy area. The line of retreat for the British forces lay along the road and rail from the south, which join up with the Lashio railway skirting Mandalay. The big Ava bridge was also blown up, two sections being destroyed. As the troops left they passed Amarapura, a former Burmese capital, with its pagodas and temples gleaming above the trees which have invaded the site of palace and city. A little downstream lay the similar remains of another capital city, Ava, which gave its name to the big railway bridge and where one can still walk in the shady avenues with their stone balustrades. Across the river, the line of the joint retirement of Chinese and British troops was through Sagaing, notable for its pagodas of massive ancient design. Upstream within sight was Mingun, with a huge temple and colossal bell which rival anything Moscow can show in this line



THE BIG RAIDS BY DAYLIGHT OVER NORTHERN FRANCE: The tactics adopted by the German *Luftwaffe* when our raiders sweep over various areas—first near the coast, when combat is usually refused; and later over St. Omer and Hazebrouck, when the Germans *must* reply to the R.A.F.—*A special* Sphere *diagram*

THE DAYLIGHT SWEEPS

SINCE our all-out fighter and day-bomber offensive over Northern France began in earnest, many people have been puzzled by the outcome of these intensive operations, as no single day has yielded big dividends in the shape of great numbers of enemy aircraft shot down: even more puzzling have been the days when we have lost more machines than the enemy. But there are good reasons for these apparently disappointing results. We are to-day taking the initiative by forcing the fighter squadrons of the *Luftwaffe* to fight. At the moment the Germans are not altogether willing to do so, because they are anxious to conserve their air strength. Although they still have a very strong air force, the Germans are short of machines and men to operate with their cherished superiority on all three fronts where they are engaged. It is believed that they have fewer than 300 bombers stationed in Northern France, which explains their raiding of Britain on a scale only little more than one-tenth of their maximum efforts during 1940, and more often considerably less. If our heavy bomber raids by night over Germany result in bigger "reprisal" attacks, then the enemy will have to draw more bomber squadrons from other fronts.

It is still the experience of our fighter pilots that the German fighters are playing a very canny game. In the early stages of this offensive it was found that when we made only shallow penetrations over the French coast, the German fighters were content either to stay on the ground or out of reach of combat. To force them to fight, our Hurricane and Spitfire squadrons made deeper penetrations. Even then the Germans were wary—they still are! When we started making day bomber attacks, the Germans were forced to come up and fight or give us freedom of their skies. But deep penetration of enemy territory gives them an advantage of which they make the best use. They make a habit of stalking our fighter formations on their way home, trying to lure our pilots to attack them when they are short of petrol and ammunition. This in part explains the disappointing figures of the daily operations. Thus the day bombers serve the dual purpose of attacking targets in the area below our home air front and of bringing the Germans up to fight.

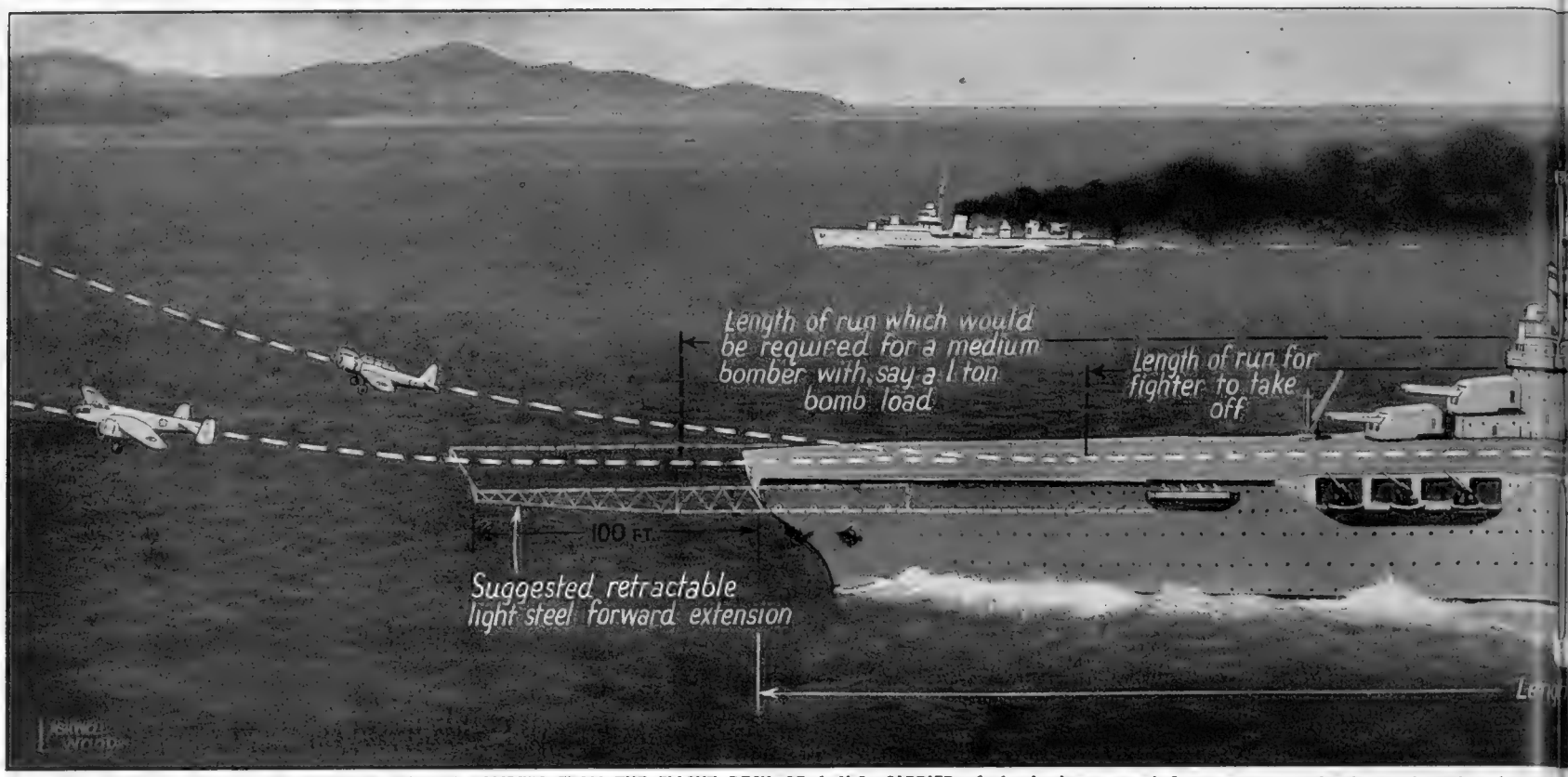
R.A.F. BOMBS ON HAZEBROUCK RAILWAY STATION : A photograph taken at the moment when some of the bombs burst on the target—three across the main lines where a train and a locomotive were standing. Others are bursting across the sidings of the locomotive depot and coaling stage, and in the goods depot

AN AUSTRALIAN PILOT WHO WON A COMBAT WITH ONLY HALF A RUDDER : With more than half the rudder of his Spitfire shot away, a sergeant-pilot of Fighter Command fought an Me. 109 during a recent action near the French coast. Damaged as it was, the rudder functioned perfectly during the running fight which raged for 50 miles over the Channel. "Soon after leaving the French coast," said the sergeant, "we were attacked by enemy aircraft, but though my rudder was badly damaged, the Spitfire remained perfectly stable." During the engagement, the sergeant and his companions were attacked many times, and after the last attack the sergeant saw one Messerschmitt diving low over the sea, with smoke streaming from the wings

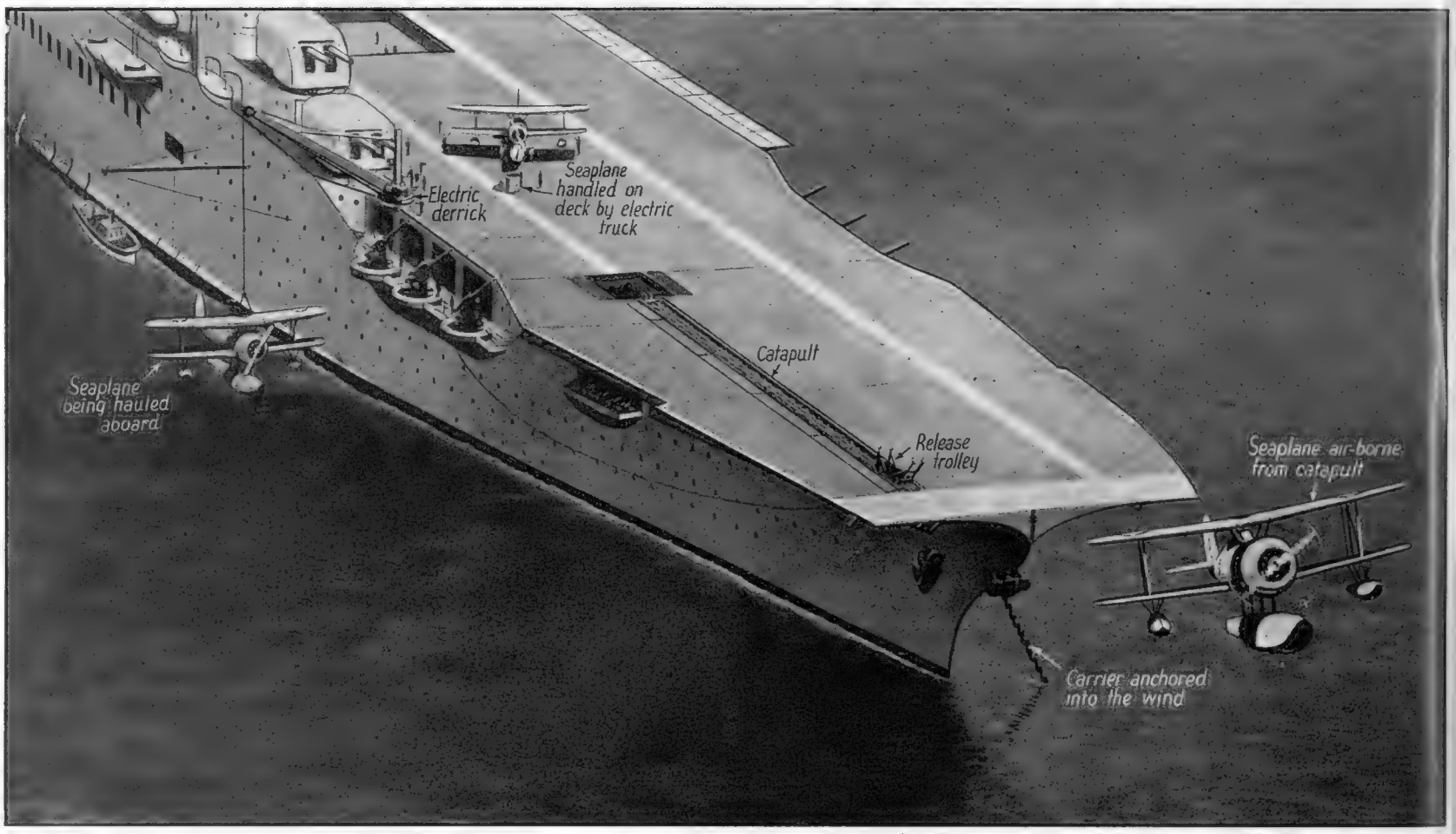
A ONE-ARMED SQUADRON LEADER, J. A. F. MacLachlan, D.F.C. and Bar, twenty-three-year-old leader of a Fighter Command Hurricane Squadron. He lost his arm when flying over Malta a year ago, after he had destroyed eight enemy aircraft. He has just resumed operational flying with an artificial arm, and has destroyed a Dornier 217 and damaged another over France recently

On right—**WHAT THE PILOT SEES OF NORTHERN FRANCE :** This picture was taken from a good height during operations over Hazebrouck, which lies to the left of the picture. Fourteen bombs have been aimed at the target, which, in this case, was the railway station and sidings. Close inspection of the picture will show the bombs on their way down

On left—**THE PILOTS OF A SQUADRON OF HURRI-BOMBERS**—In other words, Hurricane fighters equipped to carry bombs. This squadron scored direct hits on two German destroyers off the coast of Brittany. When this picture was taken they had just landed from their sweep



HOW IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE TO OPERATE MEDIUM BOMBERS FROM THE FLIGHT DECK OF A U.S. CARRIER of the Lexington and Saratoga type: by increasing the already stern and bow of another 100 ft. each, giving a total run of well over 1,000 ft.—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*



ON THE NEW U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS SEAPLANES ARE BROUGHT UP ON THE LIFTS and launched either by catapult or by being hoisted over the side and taking off under their own power. Of course, the carrier must be stopped for this operation and is generally anchored. When returning after its reconnaissance, the seaplane is lifted back on board by powerful electric derricks—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

BOMBERS from AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS?

Was the Bombing of Tokyo Carried Out by this Means?—A Consideration of Some of the Many Difficult Factors Involved

WHEN the British cruisers *Dorsetshire* and *Cornwall* were attacked off Ceylon and sunk by the Japanese, it was noted that the enemy did not make use of torpedo-carrying aircraft, but used dive-bombers alone. The comment was then made that this was the first time that dive-bombers had been operated from aircraft-carriers. The inference that the Japs were employing aircraft-carriers in novel ways was probably correct; but it must not be overlooked that as far back as February 19-20 an attack was made on Port Darwin, in Northern Australia, by a great number of twin-engined bombers (accompanied by fighters), in such a way that a special use of aircraft-carriers seemed clearly indicated. On this occasion, the nearest land base was 580 miles away at Amboina, so that the inference made at the time—coupled with the recent Ceylon experience—would appear to be correct.

But—if there were any doubts about bombers being operated from aircraft-carriers still remaining—the recent attacks on Tokyo and other important centres on the mainland of Japan would appear to clinch the matter. It is generally assumed by naval and air experts that there are no bases near enough for the attacks to have been made by land-based aircraft, although the exact manner in which the attacks were carried out still remains a mystery. (The absence of details is usual when naval vessels are being employed—until their safe return to harbour renders possible the release of more exact information.)

In the drawings reproduced on these pages we endeavour to explain and elucidate some of the problems involved, and the difficulties which must be overcome if bombers are to be operated from the decks of an aircraft-carrier. The carrier shown in the big drawing at the top of the page is of the Lexington and Saratoga class, the largest and most heavily armed of their type in the world. Each of these vessels has a displacement of 33,000 tons and carries a complement of well over 2,000 (2,122 is the official figure—169 being commissioned officers). Normally fighters or dive-bombers are lined up on deck and take off one after the other, as they require only a short run: their bomb-loads would vary between one 1,000-lb. or three 500-lb. bombs. A medium bomber, such as the B25, would require the whole flight deck to take off with a light load of about five 500-lb. bombs. To add to the load and give a longer run, retractable extensions are here suggested for each end of the carrier. These, being of light steel construction and each of about 100 ft. in length, would make the flight deck over 1,000 ft. long.

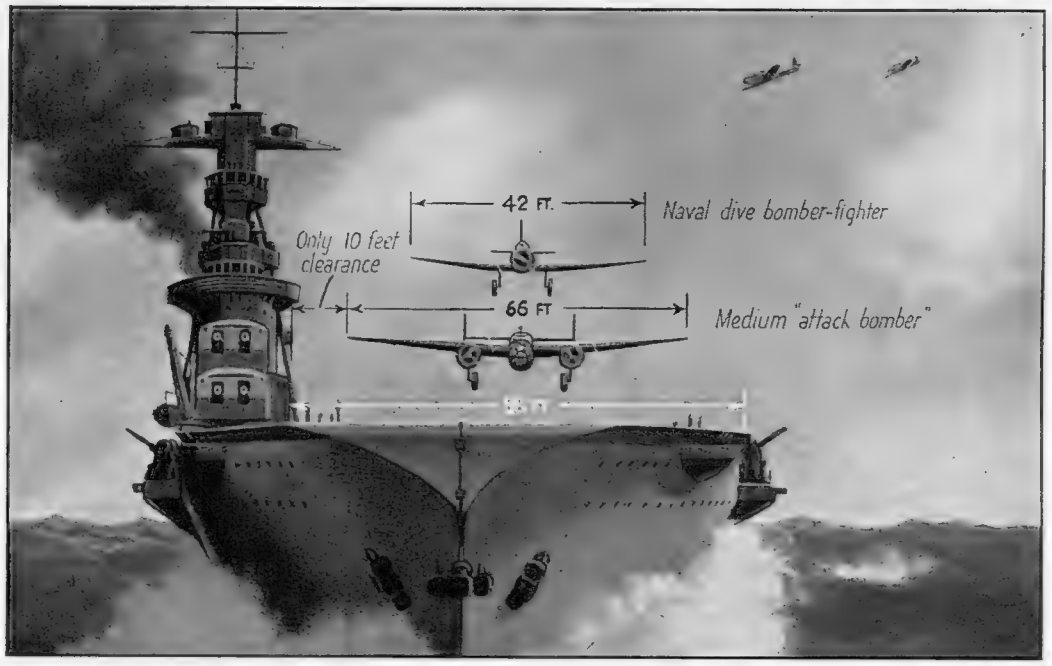
The drawing immediately above, and that on the right, shows the unique catapult with which U.S. carriers are fitted. The use of this, even in the *Lexington*, which is a very

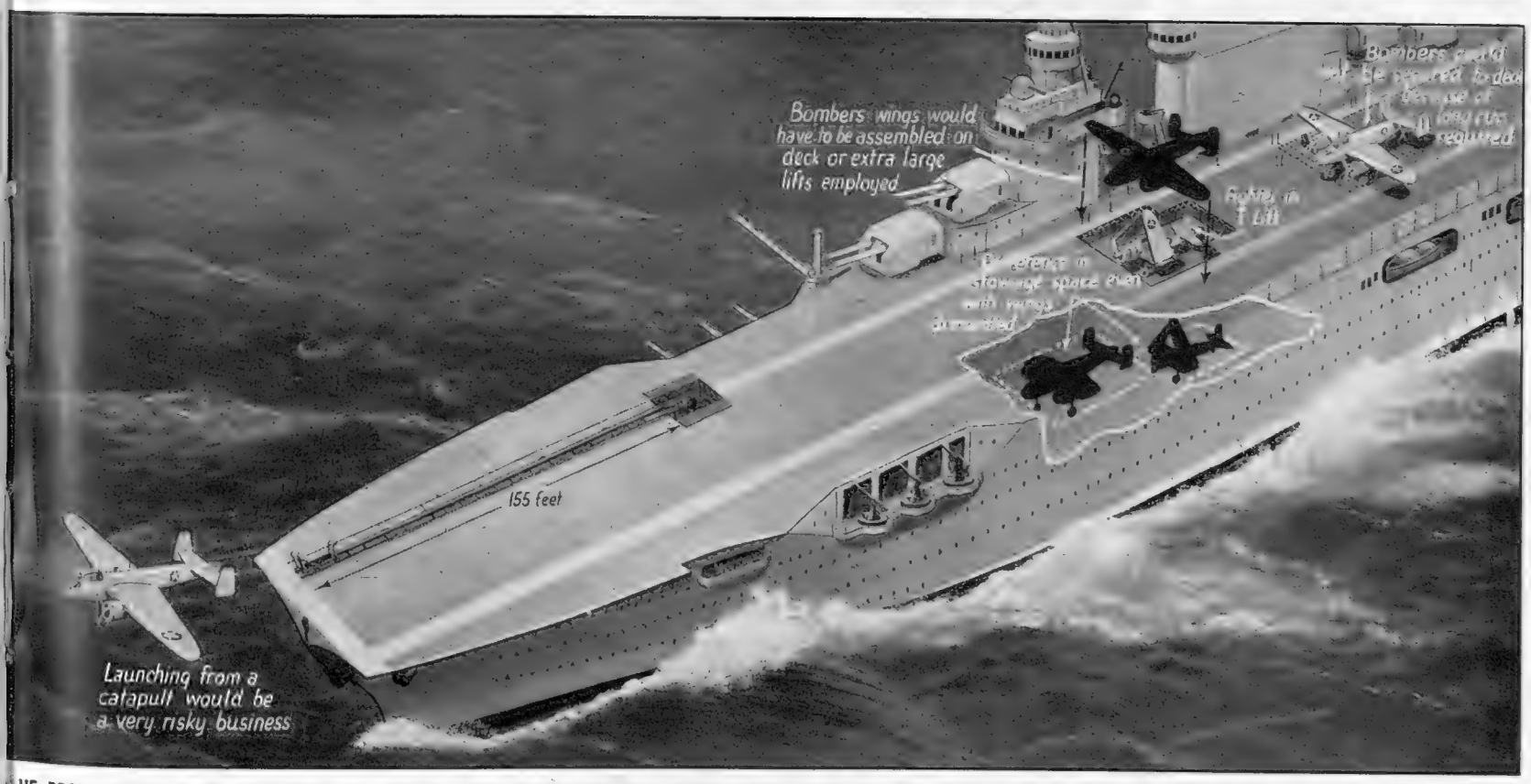
eat length—888 ft.—of the flight deck, by extensions at

large vessel, is considered somewhat problematical, and the risks involved with aircraft carrying a bomb-load very great. So it seems that, after all, perhaps a very long run with a light bomb-load would be the best method for a medium bomber!

The problem of stowage on the carrier is a difficult one. Bombers could not be stowed on deck, as is the American practice with fighters, (which are secured to the deck by hooked plates in a manner recently illustrated in these pages), because they would interfere with the long run required. If stowed below, their wings would have to be removed at the engine nacelles and reassembled on deck: even then they would occupy a considerably larger hangar space than a fighter—as shown in the drawing. Or, alternatively, much larger lifts would have to be fitted: only one bomber could then be brought up and flown off at a time.

Or right—**IT CANNOT BE EASY TO FLY A BOMBER OFF TH FLIGHT DECK!** Great judgment would be required to fly anything like the B25 medium bomber from the flight deck of a carrier even as large as the *Lexington*. As can be seen, there is only about 10 ft. of clearance on either side when the aircraft is passing the superstructure. The flight deck is 105 ft. wide at other parts, and so gives a little more room. The carrier would have to steam dead in the eye of the wind!





HE PROBLEMS OF STOWAGE, EVEN ON SUCH A LARGE VESSEL AS THE "LEXINGTON," ARE VERY GREAT: Some of these problems are outlined in the drawing above, which also shows the unique catapult on the forward end of the flight deck (see also notes at left)—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

THE DOGS OF WAR

—Mobilised to Play Their Part in the Country's Struggle

THE DOGS REGISTER FOR WAR SERVICE—Vic puts his name down : A call has gone out for more dogs—big dogs who can assist in guard duties and message-carrying. The Government have asked for the loan of such for the duration of the war ; and many owners—harassed by difficulties of getting sufficient feed for their pets, and for other reasons—have come forward in substantial numbers. This picture shows Vic, a bull-terrier of very intelligent appearance, who was one of the first to offer his services. He was registered at a London dogs' home a few days ago : he is of the type that the authorities need. They do **not** need the smaller, house-type of dog, which are hardly suitable for guard duties !

BIMBO, THE FLYING WAR DOG OF THE R.A.F., MIDDLE EAST : For three years Bimbo has been flying with the R.A.F. His master is a pilot whose every adventure (to say nothing of many narrow escapes) he has shared. Bimbo is a Yorkshire terrier, of shaggy aspect and moist nose. On his collar are his many battle honours : the war citations marked thereon are as follows—the Arab Rebellion of 1939 ; Sidi Barrani, 1940 ; Bardia, 1941 ; Tobruk, 1941 ; Benghazi, 1941 ; the Abu Sueir Blitz ; "shot down in action, 22-12-41" ; "Prisoner of War, 1941" ; and the Malta Blitz of 1942. So that Bimbo, after having been captured, managed to escape and fight again elsewhere !

MACK, AN AIREDALE TRAINED BY COLONEL RICHARDSON FOR WAR : One of the first lessons taught to a dog by Colonel Richardson is to retrieve. Here Mack—one of the best of the Colonel's pupils—is waiting for the command to take his stick to a distant point and return. All dogs trained for war have to be perfectly fit and able to travel over all kinds of country—at very fast speeds. Nothing may deter them—not even the smell of a cat right across their path ! When they are fully trained one of the most useful duties they can perform is to search for wounded men in rough country : they can locate the wounded at night and under very adverse conditions

PUSHER GOES OFF ON A DAYLIGHT SWEEP : This young gentleman is the Station mascot. He is seeing his Flight Lieutenant (who has already taken part in sixty daylight sweeps) off on another expedition. The South Yorkshire Fighter Squadron of the R.A.F. to whom Pusher belongs, was originally composed of Yorkshiremen—it now includes Canadians, New Zealanders, Australians and Frenchmen ; and has a bag of 60½ enemy machines to its credit

A SUBMARINE DOG WHICH HAS RECEIVED THE CANINE V.C.: The honour of the first award of its kind—the "V.C." of the canine world—has gone to the pet of a Free French submarine. He is Bacchus, awarded the "Valiant Dogs' Decoration" of the Canine Defence League for his wartime services: he was decorated this month on the deck of his submarine, to the accompaniment of full honours, rendered by his captain and shipmates. Brought up in the tradition of the French submarine service, he has lived constantly on board and has shared with the crew all the excitements of every expedition into enemy waters since the beginning of the war. This has entailed over 2,000 hours submerged under active service conditions. He has also had the honour of being presented to the King and Queen, who shook him by the paw! The officer in this picture with Bacchus is the captain of the submarine

DOGS NOW READY FOR WAR DUTY WITH THE R.A.F.: The first three teams of guard dogs and their temporary owners are now fully trained, ready for actual guard duties on aerodromes, in factories and other important locations. The scheme was started some months ago, and the first batch of Alsatians, and volunteers from the Services who will use them, have been trained at the Ministry of Aircraft Production's Guard Dog Training School. Dog-lovers have been selected from the volunteers, and each man will remain with the dog with which he was trained. The Alsatians have been lent for the duration, and the first three teams were trained in four weeks

MR. RICHARD FAIREY WITH HIS "CLAIRVOYANT" GREAT DANE: Jeepers Creepers is a Great Dane owned by Mr. Fairey, twenty-five-year-old son of the multi-millionaire aircraft manufacturer. Recently Mr. Fairey, junior, was torpedoed in the North Atlantic, and in consequence had his legs amputated after suffering frostbite in an open boat for six days. On the day that his absent master was torpedoed, Jeepers Creepers refused his food and did not eat again until six days later, when his far-off master had been safely rescued

THE "CIVILIAN" DOGS ARE ALSO DOING THEIR PART IN WARTIME: On the mountain-sides of Wales the "cows on the line" are to-day sheep! Despite the railway fences, these wild mountain animals insist on straying on the line—although little grass grows on the tracks! The gangers who care for the permanent-way have, therefore, been provided with sheep-dogs by the railway company. The job of the latter is to round up the sheep and drive them back up into the mountains again: and here one of the collies is seen going about his job with a will!

ONE OF THE WORLD'S BEST-KNOWN DOGS: This is Falla, the Scottie owned by President Roosevelt. Falla is photographed almost as often as a film star!

THE LOOK-OUT AT SEA: A cruiser of the Leander class and a destroyer proceeding through the dusky half-light, when an especially keen look-out has to be observed. On a cruiser the look-out is stationed on the compass-platform, the highest part of the bridge proper; on a destroyer there is usually one look-out man on mine and submarine watch, another man on the after part, and maybe four or more officers and ratings on the bridge itself—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

JIM CROWS AFLOAT

The Work of the Naval Look-Out Men

Described by PERCY STEPHENS

THE fact that a ship's company, while at sea, is always said to be "on watch," whether watch on deck or watch below, is no mere empty phrase. It comes from the recognition, bred by long years of experience at sea, that perpetual vigilance is the price of safety. In war, the work of the look-out men is of transcendental importance, since the fate of the whole ship's company may hang on the conscientious performance of their duties—a few seconds' inattention may mean that the ship will fall victim to a torpedo which could otherwise have been avoided.

The submarine still remains the most difficult enemy to detect; the aeroplane must give some warning of approach, even in the worst weather, and a single bomb-hit will not be fatal. But with a submarine, a choppy sea may easily mask the periscope wash or "feather," and also the firing splash as the "tin fish" leaves the tube.

How are the look-outs stationed? Consider the comparatively simple case of a small vessel, such as a corvette or destroyer. While at sea in wartime, there will usually be one look-out man on mine and submarine watch, usually from the equivalent of the crow's-nest, or fore-top. There will be at least one gun manned by the duty gun-crew—usually the gun nearest the bridge or control position. There will be an after look-out man, possibly combining his duty with manning one of the lighter anti-aircraft guns, such as a multiple Lewis. On the bridge will be the helmsman, navigating officer and yeoman of signals, as well as the skipper or his second-in-command. Tin-hats will be more in evidence than gold braid, particularly in waters within the range of shore-based aircraft, and a machine-gun or two will also be handily placed on the bridge. Communication between the gun-crews and the bridge is maintained by telephone; in the more modern vessels the other look-out men are also similarly connected. The officer on the bridge wears earphones and a mouthpiece arranged on a harness much like that of a telephone-girl. Each bell (that is, every half-hour) the look-outs report to the bridge. Thirty minutes, being the period between one bell and another, is quite long enough to be a look-out in bitter weather. The draught caused by the ship's own speed of, say, 15 knots will be added to whatever wind there is (usually plenty), and the combination of the two has the knack of penetrating even the thickest hooded duffle-coat or "lammie."

THE ONLY WOMAN TO COMMAND A NAVAL VESSEL: Third Officer Agnes McLennan Traynor, of the Women's Royal Naval Service, is the only woman Fleet Mail officer going afloat in her own boat. Twice daily at a British port, her 60-ft. vessel delivers mail to boats in the estuary. Third Officer Traynor has the help of three Wrens and four seamen: she has been doing the job for two years. Her staff of seven handle and sort a ton of mail each day

Binoculars (and those who support the belief that all good lenses come from Prussia should try those our Navy uses) are either worn on a lanyard or, if of the heaviest type, may be clamped in a universal mounting on the side of the dodger screen. A "pelorus"—that is, a disc engraved like a compass-card and fitted with a swivelling telescope or other sighting device—is usually provided to take the bearing of any object seen. For the anti-aircraft spotters, a very compact form of binocular range-finder and height-calculator is provided, and on a large and vulnerable ship, such as an aircraft-carrier, these men will work in teams of three or four, all similarly equipped. There may be four or more such teams, located at various points of vantage on the island superstructure and gun-platforms. Though the part the men play in the vessel's defence is comparatively passive, it is of vital importance, for in the modern form of aerial mass attack it would be easy for one group of attacking planes to escape the attention of the guns, and so slip in and do their work unscathed. Naturally, if there is any reason to expect a probable engagement, more than one gun-crew will be on duty, and the torpedo-tubes will also be manned.

At night the problem becomes much more difficult. As our destroyer gets under way on patrol, one gun will load with star-shell, the others with H.E., as usual. Talking

THE LOOK-OUT MAN ON A SUBMARINE: The new man must be able to read the numerals and say what the devices on the inside of the conning-tower are before the look-out to be relieved can go below—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

On the inside of most submarine conning-towers will be found chalk marks such as those depicted in the above drawing. The explanation of these brings home some of the nerve-racking hours experienced by our submarines when they surface at night. One officer and one rating are on the bridge at a time, keeping two-hour watches. The safety of the ship and the men sleeping below depends upon their eyesight. Reliefs for officer and man come on deck in a staggered system, so that there are never two fresh look-outs on the bridge together. Until the relief can see the drawings and read off the figures in the dark, the man coming off watch must stand by him. Figures and drawings are changed every night, sometimes several times a night

is discouraged on the bridge, where the tick of the ship's log is the most conspicuous sound. Every half-hour the order is given for the relief look-outs to take over at the guns; for eye-straining in the dark is tiring work. The first report may simply be that of a look-out picking up the flash of a light-buoy or lightship. He will report: "Bearing red twelve-p, occulting light, Sir." In other words, a light has been seen twelve degrees off the port (red) bow. The navigating officer will pick up the light with his binoculars, identify it by timing the period between flashes, and so confirm the vessel's position. Next comes a report from the forward look-out: dark forms have been vaguely seen in the murk ahead. If our destroyer has been expecting to meet with a convoy about this point in her patrol, the skipper will instruct his signalman "challenge ahead." The Aldis lamp sends its narrow stream of dots and dashes into the darkness, to be answered in like fashion, and the escort vessel continues its sheep-dog role.

Life on patrol at sea conforms equally well to the subaltern's description of life at the front, "long periods of intense boredom punctuated by brief periods of intense excitement." Often several days may pass, even in those waters most prone to enemy intervention, without closer contact with the foe than the sight of a reconnoitring plane high up in the clouds. Then one night a look-out may report: "Noise of engines, Sir; sounds like an E-boat, bearing green 40 degrees, Sir." Speed will promptly be pushed up to 20 knots or more, and the quartermaster repeats the helm order as he puts the wheel over to starboard. As the ship picks up speed on her new course, the order is given for the gun loaded with star-shell to commence searching the area from which the noise was reported. The peculiarity of star-shells is that, on firing, the gun makes practically no flash and little smoke, so that the destroyer's own position is not revealed. Every few seconds the gun slams, and by the time the second round has been fired the first shell will be bursting over the suspected area. In the sky the globes of descending white light float slowly down, leaving corkscrew wreaths of white magnesium smoke behind them, and the stars are extinguished by the man-made day. Three or four E-boats are seen speeding in line ahead and the destroyer's engines are telegraphed "full ahead both," the director reports "on target," and the order to the guns is "barrage." The guns roar, giving the men on the bridge the familiar jolt in the pit of the stomach, and the cordite fumes stream up.

Meanwhile, the star-shell gun is banging away every four seconds or so, and it is seen that the E-boats are grimly holding their course and closing us at about 30 knots, so that our guns are overshooting. "Down 100" is the order, and 100 yards is taken off the range. When next the twin-mounted 4·7's fire, the oncoming boats are hidden in a column of spray and smoke. One of them has received a direct hit and simply dives straight to the bottom with the impetus of her own speed. The others chance a hasty shot with their own torpedoes, then turn away, releasing smoke-screens and zigzagging furiously as the shells fall among them. The multiple pom-poms open up, and the enemy returns the compliment with his machine-guns, so that streaks of tracer bullets split the darkness. But an E-boat in the dark is a difficult thing to hold when it wishes to hide, and at last the cease-fire bell has to be pressed.

In a larger vessel, such as a cruiser, the contact between the look-out men and the bridge is less direct, but on much the same lines. The compass-platform—that is, the highest part of the bridge proper—will be occupied by the look-outs, the N.O. and officer of the watch. The guns will be manned by their duty-crews as in the destroyer, and will also be on the look-out. The after-steering position, a sort of second conning-tower, usually placed at the base of the mainmast, will also be manned, while the tin-hatted crews of the various multiple machine-guns and pom-poms will also be at their station, ready to open rapid independent fire at any enemy air- or sea-craft that approaches. The same procedure is followed when dealing with attack by air as well as attack by sea. In some of our latest small vessels, the main armament of 5·25 guns is in a dual mounting, which permits them also to be used against attacking planes. The shells weigh about 30 lb., light enough to be manhandled, and so give rapid fire, but heavy enough to have a very wide danger area on bursting.

Of course, every merchant ship in convoy provides her own look-outs (often doubling duty as gun-crews) and signalmen to reinforce those of her escort.

If the merchantman sights a hostile submarine, she is at liberty to open fire at once, the report of the gun and the splash of the shell serving the double purpose of warning her consorts and indicating where the danger is suspected. Aircraft are usually given a little grace in which to identify themselves, but fingers are on all the triggers, waiting. When it is remembered that a fair-sized convoy may mount a total of 200 A.-A. guns, from the humble Lewis to the latest 5·25 in., it will be seen that this is no idle threat. To come into the cross-fire of such a fleet, most of them seasoned gunners by now, is dangerous in the extreme, as the crew of many a Focke-Wulf Kurier would have testified if they had survived.

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN WITH A BRITISH DESTROYER FLOTILLA: A dangerous sea, a periscope feather spotted amidst the "white horses" thrown up by wave and wind—and the destroyers close in fast for the kill—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

An official Admiralty photograph

ONE OF THE BIGGEST VESSELS IN THE ROYAL NAVY: The 35,000-ton battleship "Duke of York" firing her big 14-in. guns whilst heavy seas break over her bows

When the King George V class of five battleships were laid down (all within the period of January to June 1937), it was stated that they were due for completion in 1940-41. The first three—*King George V*, *Prince of Wales* and *Duke of York*—eventually went into service with the Royal Navy, and this fact was duly announced. No statement has so far been made concerning the remaining two vessels—*Jellicoe* and *Beatty*—however, although it is known that the former was launched in 1940 and the latter on November 11, 1939. Each of the vessels of this class has a displacement of 35,000 tons and carries a complement of 1,500 officers and men: they are nearly 740 ft. in length, with a beam of 103 ft. Four aircraft are carried, and are launched by means of a catapult amidships.

The armament is the most powerful yet installed in a British warship: there are ten 14-in. guns, mounted in two turrets of four and two, respectively, forward; and one turret of four aft. In addition, there are sixteen of the new 5·25-in. dual-purpose guns; four multiple pom-poms; and several smaller guns. The 14-in. weapons are a new model, with an effective range greater than the 15-in. mounted in earlier ships.

The turbines generate 152,000 h.p., which gives these huge vessels a speed of over 30 knots: but improvements in boiler design have reduced boiler weights by about 15 per cent. as compared with the *Nelson* and *Rodney*. When these vessels were designed, it was officially stated that they would incorporate enhanced defence against air attack, including an improved distribution of deck and side armour; more elaborate sub-division; and an improved system of under-water protection. Unofficial reports gave the weight of armour as over 14,000 tons, and a water-line thickness of 16 ins. Unhappily, these measures did not prevent the loss of the *Prince of Wales* off Malaya

A NAZI ARMED MERCHANT RAIDER, as she was sighted by one of the aircraft from H.M.S. "Devonshire": She looks harmless enough here—but the Royal Navy was not deceived!

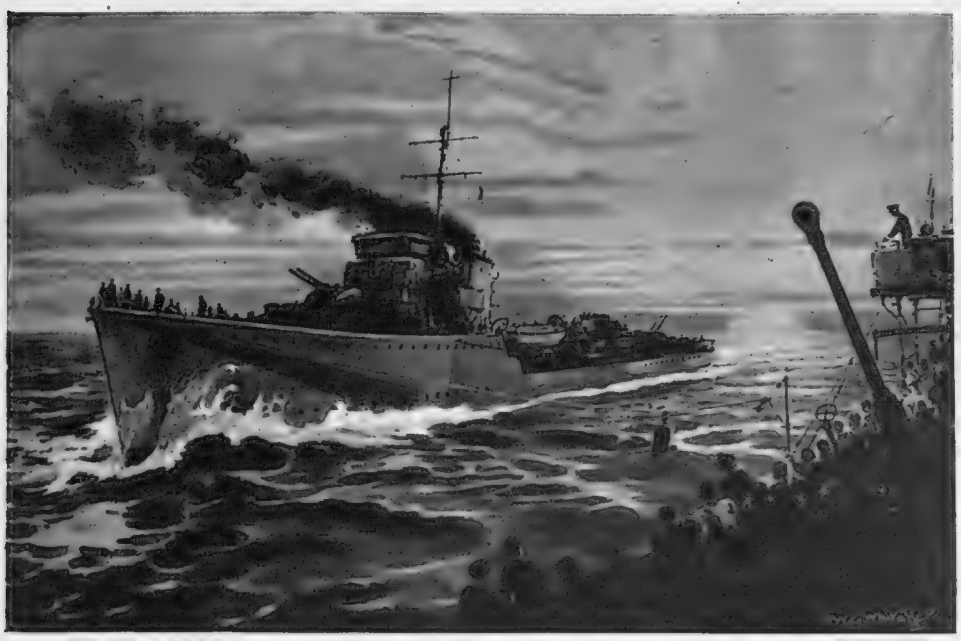
THE LAST SIGHT OF THE RAIDER—Her magazine has blown up by now and, blazing furiously, she sinks lower and lower into the sea

The doom of one of Hitler's armed merchant raiders was sealed one recent morning when the dawn aircraft reconnaissance from H.M.S. *Devonshire* sighted and stopped a merchant vessel of suspicious appearance. On more detailed examination a boat was seen lying off containing oil-drums, and the general appearance of the ship indicated a similarity to one of the German armed merchant raiders. The replies to signals were unsatisfactory; fire was therefore opened. The armed raider tried to escape behind a smoke-screen, but in ten minutes the ship was blazing furiously and being abandoned by the crew. The magazine exploded and the vessel sank shortly afterwards. The presence of a U-boat was confirmed and made it inadvisable for the *Devonshire* to stop to pick up survivors. No damage or casualties were sustained by our cruiser during the action

The ROYAL NAVY on its "LAWFUL OCCASIONS"

Out in the Atlantic Ocean and in Northern British Waters

—Some recent pictures and special Sphere *drawings*



WITH A BRITISH CONVOY AT SEA: Mails being transferred from a Hunt class destroyer to one of the merchantmen of the Convoy—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

This picture shows how mails are transferred to British ships in convoy. A destroyer speeds alongside, a rope is thrown aboard, and by this means the ship not only receives, but also despatches, mail. During the operation both ships continue to steam onwards. The Hunt class of destroyers were all laid down in 1939. They are all vessels of 904 tons, with a speed of 32½ knots.

Below—**A PATROL SLOOP PASSING THE "OLD MAN OF HOY" IN THE ORKNEYS, a pinnacle rock of great interest**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The island of Hoy, second largest of the Orkney group, protects the anchorage of Scapa Flow from the Atlantic gales. Off its north-west coast is the detached pillar-shaped rock known as the "Old Man of Hoy." This is remarkable for its height—445 ft.—and its colour. The old red sandstone of which it is composed takes the form of narrow slabs of rock which weather in such a way as to provide foothold for innumerable birds. When disturbed, these fill the air around their rock home in the manner of sea-birds the world over. The patrol sloop shown in the picture is a special type of vessel, of just under 1,000 tons and with a complement of 100: a typical example would carry four 4-in. anti-aircraft guns, as well as a number of smaller guns.

THE HOME GUARD AS IT STANDS TO-DAY

What it Has Already Achieved, the Work it is Now Doing, and the Tasks which Lie Ahead. A Complete Review of the Conditions, Methods of Training, and Scope of Duty of Britain's Second Line of Defence

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THE Home Guard is two years old this week-end. The last time I wrote about it in THE SPHERE was in the issue of January 3. As you will recall, the House of Commons had just approved the compulsory enlistment of men between the ages of eighteen and fifty-one, but none had yet been conscripted. Since then, Command after Command has taken advantage of the new law, and by the end of this month compulsory enlistment will obtain throughout the country.

The Home Guard is a particularly English compromise. So far from being formed of nothing but old soldiers, as was originally expected, it consists mostly of young men awaiting their call-up, together with reserved men. In the Company to which I am attached, at least two-thirds of the privates are youths, and less than half the non-commissioned officers served in the last war. On the other hand, all the officers wear the Victory and General Service ribbons.

Since May 14, 1940, members of the Home Guard have won 1 George Cross, 9 George Medals, 1 Military Medal, 1 O.B.E., 4 M.B.E.s, 30 B.E.M.s; there have also been 41 commendations for gallantry and 1 mention in dispatches. Those awards are apart from 7 C.B.E.s, 23 M.B.E.s, and 18 O.B.E.s in the Birthday Honours.

Now that conscription is to be applied everywhere, I consider that it is certain that the maximum of forty-eight hours' training per month will have to be abandoned. This is particularly the case now that the Summer Training Camps have already started. In my Company the recruits do thirty-two hours minimum a month; the young soldiers do a minimum of sixty-three hours a month, and the trained men do a minimum of fifty-six hours a month. And when I say "minimum" I mean minimum. In addition, there are inter-platoon competitions in musketry, grenade-throwing, squad drill, and bayonet fighting. All of these take up extra time. We began this month with a Summer Camp at X Zone. This lasted from 1 p.m. on Saturday, May 2, to 7 p.m. on May 3. This is already over half the "maximum" period of training hours for the whole of May. Which is ridiculous.

At present, the vast majority of members of the Home Guard are volunteers and behave as if it were still a purely volunteer force. But what of some of the conscripts who will soon be joining our ranks? What is to prevent them from refusing to attend any parades after they have done their initial forty-eight hours? The answer is, absolutely nothing. As it is (though, fortunately, not in the Company in which I am a sergeant), there are numbers of young reserved men who do not appreciate their privileged position. Agricultural labourers, tractor drivers and munition workers think in many instances that they can swing the lead, and that, as they are indispensable to the country's war effort, they cannot be compelled to attend more parades than they desire. They forget that they are earning big money in safe jobs. These youths all come from the post-war generation, brought up in a period of pacifism taught by pale-pink pacifist teachers in their elementary schools. They have had no real discipline in their home life, and do not realise now that disciplinary measures can be taken.

It is true that the newspapers have featured the case of the brothers George—two Cheshire Home Guards who were given 56 days for insubordinate language to their superior officer, but served only a week before the sentence was suspended. There was also some public attention drawn to the volunteer in Glamorgan who was fined £5 on each of four summonses for absenteeism. There was, too, the case of the court-martial of the Home Guard in Yorkshire who had threatened to dig a bayonet into one of his officers. There is no doubt, however, that many more cases ought to be brought up and punished. But my impression is that, since the suspension of the brothers George, officers have felt disinclined to take matters all the way up to a court-martial.

So much for discipline. The Home Guard, being an elastic body, has elastic numbers. Commanders are deliberately given latitude in connection with the size and strength of their units and sub-units. In this way they can suit them to the local operational requirements. That is why the average strength of the platoon in one battalion may be 35, and in another 140. The Home Guard is an irregular army, and any given battalion can have any given number of companies, not the normal three. This is particularly the case in built-up areas, where half-a-dozen static factory units may be attached; for the purposes of invasion, to a single battalion headquarters over and above the three or four mobile companies.

Changes in the Home Guard are continuous. The latest concerns 300 training officers—lieutenant-colonels or majors—coming straight to us from the Army with recent experience of troops. Battalion quartermasters and battalion adjutants are also to be supplied from the ranks of regular Army officers over the age of forty-five. An increase in the permanent staff instructors is also under way.

The difficulty, however, is to find suitable officers. For there is no good blinking the fact that unless an officer has had recent experience with troops in the field, he is barely going to be good enough for the Home Guard, whose training in some cases is actually more efficient than in late battalions of Regular Army regiments.

A LONDON HOME GUARD ATTACKS: Leaving his cover to hurl a hand-grenade at advancing enemy troops during a recent big-scale test of London's defences, when battalions of airborne troops were hurled against Home Guards and Civil Defence workers

At present there are two G.H.Q. Home Guard schools—one in Scotland and one in the Home Counties. Now the Midlands are to have one. What is more, the five travelling wings, consisting of three officers and three warrant officer instructors with their vehicles, are to be increased to twenty-seven. The purpose of these wings is to bring instruction to the units themselves, because so many Home Guards cannot, owing to their civilian duties, reach the training schools.

These travelling wings make a week's stop in selected areas, and the Wing Commander sends a syllabus of training to the local Battalion Commander. He in turn picks out those subjects in which he thinks his men need most instruction. Whereupon a local exercise is held at the week-end. For the following week, the officers and instructors of the wing are available for training selected non-commissioned officers in the various weapons. Those who are successful in passing out are granted instructor's certificates.

These travelling wings and G.H.Q. Home Guard schools are quite separate from the several hundred summer camps which are built by the nearest Command and run by Zone. I attended the first summer camp of X Zone a fortnight ago. Last year X Zone trained 10,000 Home Guards in week-end courses at this one camp. In addition, over 300 Home Guards were given instruction on the live-bombing range and 400 on the rifle range and machine-gun range at each of forty-eight week-ends in the year. This summer, twenty-three week-end camps will be held, with an average of 500 officers, non-commissioned officers and men at each camp. Instruction is given in artillery formation, march discipline, camouflage, stalking, crouching and crawling, together with night exercises. (We had only one real casualty—a broken leg—but there were several cuts and minor injuries.)

More valuable, perhaps, than the actual training was the opportunity for sections and platoons to get to know one another in the intimate and, to most of them, unusual conditions of being under canvas. It was noticeable that the old soldiers conserved their energies, while the youngsters were laughing and talking at 5.30 a.m., although none of us had dossed down before 12.30 a.m.

I repeat, however, that with the inception of the summer-camp season, the forty-eight hours a week "maximum" will have to be abandoned. Here, for example, is the syllabus for my Company in April:

1	Wednesday	Recruits.
2	Thursday	Fire Control Orders—Fire Discipline.
3	Friday	Recruits.
4	Saturday	Practice for Company Bombing Competition.
5	*Sunday*	Easter Sunday.
6	Monday	P.C. Conference—Recruits.
7	Tuesday	Use of Cover—Concealment.
8	Wednesday	Recruits.
9	Thursday	Fire Positions—Lecture.
10	Friday	Recruits.
11	Saturday	Company Bombing Competition—Afternoon.
12	*Sunday*	Company Route March with Gas Exercises. Battle Drill by Platoon, or Battalion Parade for cinema.
13	Monday	P.C. Conference—Recruits.
14	Tuesday	Covering Fire — L.A. Guns, T. Guns.
15	Wednesday	Recruits.
16	Thursday	Gas Recognition and Gas Protection.
17	Friday	Recruits.
18	Saturday	Battalion Exercises.
19	*Sunday*	—
20	Monday	P.C. Conference—Recruits.
21	Tuesday	Section Schemes.
22	Wednesday	Recruits.
23	Thursday	Lessons learnt on Tuesday Section Schemes—Faults.
24	Friday	Recruits.
25	Saturday	—
26	*Sunday*	Company Parade, Regent's Park—Battle Drill by Platoon.
27	Monday	P.C. Conference—Recruits.
28	Tuesday	Reconnaissance—Reports—Ambushes.
29	Wednesday	Recruits.
30	Thursday	Lecture on Monday's work.

COMPETITIONS

Bombing Cup (this month)	Holders	H.Q. Section
Bayonet Fighting Cup	,,	No. 1 Platoon
Squad and Arms Drill Cup	,,	No. 1 Platoon
Musketry Cup	,,	No. 2 Platoon

It will be noticed that there are no references to all-night guard duties and pickets, which swell the total very considerably.

This was the first month of summer training following the winter training, which dealt with street fighting, weapon-throwing, action against airborne troops, tank-hunting, patrols, gas and first aid. Except for Sunday parades, this work was all carried out at night, and had as its primary object the training of the individual member of the Company.

The summer training as mentioned above is essentially collective in character, the main object being the training of Commanders in initiative and quick decisions, with sub-units and units working in operations of a kind that they are likely to be called upon to perform in war.

As for the weapons available to the Home Guard, an increasing number of Tommy-guns are being withdrawn from Home Guard units in safe areas and issued to units in more vulnerable zones. As the Spigot mortar is essentially an ambush weapon, it is being issued in greater numbers to rural and suburban areas. More cup dischargers for E.Y. rifles can be confidently expected in the near future. Other essential requirements for the Home Guard which it would be dangerous to instance will very shortly be met.

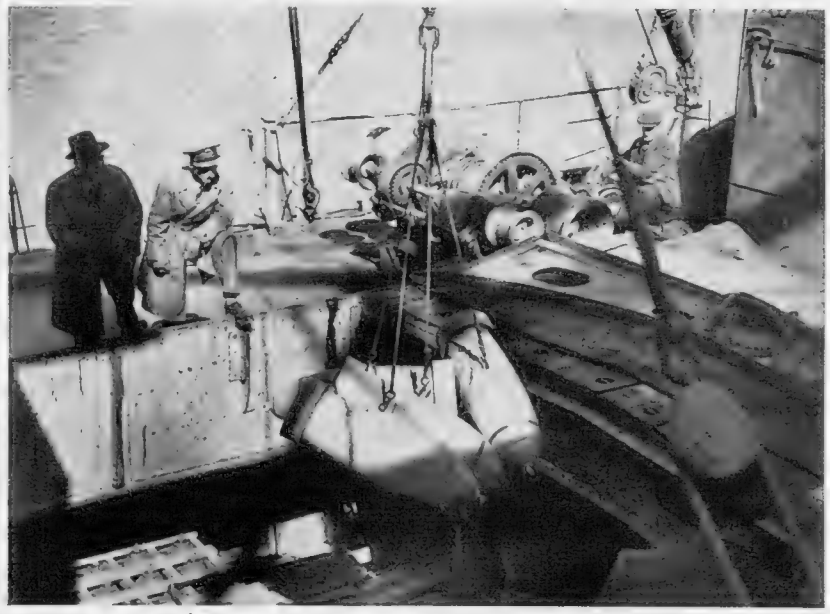
P.S.—Those weapon-training instructors who have not yet started their golf-bombing courses should do so. It is most valuable and the men like it, as I know from personal experience. What you do is to lay out nine "holes" round "blitzed" buildings, and have a bogey for each hole. These holes should include southpaw or back-hander shots, throws from upstairs to a point below a staircase, throws through second-storey windows from a crouching position, and so on. As grenades are made of cast iron and break very easily against brick or stone, it is desirable to use baby sandbags weighing 1½ lb. as missiles.

WAR ITEMS FROM BRITAIN AND FRANCE

BRITAIN'S AMPHIBIOUS A.-A. MEN—THE MARITIME REGIMENT: The seafaring soldiers are taught how to launch a raft and climb aboard it. The Maritime Regiment, whose members are seasoned campaigners, are helping Britain to win the Battle of the Oceans by knocking the Nazis out of the skies with a formidable array of anti-aircraft weapons. These tough men are manning the guns aboard our merchant ships. The Maritime Regiment was formed following the fall of France, when there were more guns for ships than there were men to man them

THESE SEAFARERS MUST KNOW WHAT TO DO IN THE EVENT OF SHIPWRECK: Here they are seen getting a "survivor" aboard their raft

CANADIAN SHIPS BRING CANADIAN SUPPLIES FOR BRITAIN: A cargo of picrite, an explosive product, being unloaded at a British port



FIVE-HUNDRED-POUND BOMBS, shortly due for delivery to the Axis, being unloaded from the hold of a Canadian ship: In Canadian-built ships, Canada's gift of £220,000,000 worth of food and munitions is now pouring into the country. The great Dominion's war effort can be judged by the fact that this year there will be launched from Canadian yards naval and merchant vessels of a tonnage equal to that turned out by the old and skilled shipbuilding industry of Britain. Added to that, Canada has considerably more men in the Forces than she had at any time during the last war. Canada is also the greatest exporter of war weapons to the Allies, her products being used in Libya, Russia, China and the Southern Pacific. This picture was taken during the unloading of a Canadian ship immediately on her arrival at a British port with a cargo of explosives

ADMIRAL LEAHY HAS A FINAL TALK WITH PÉTAIN before leaving for the United States to report to President Roosevelt: The picture above was taken during the U.S. Ambassador's visit to the aged Marshal prior to leaving Vichy to report to President Roosevelt in Washington. Pétain gave the Admiral one of his most treasured souvenirs, a picture of his horse, as a token of his sympathy on the death of Mrs. Leahy, which occurred only a few days before the Ambassador's farewell. The picture *on the right*, taken in Vichy, may be regarded as an oblique commentary on the British occupation of Madagascar! It shows Takanobu Mitani, new Jap Ambassador to Vichy, presenting his credentials to Pétain and Laval at the Pavillon Sevigne

A NEWCOMER TO VICHY: The Japanese Ambassador meets Marshal Pétain and Laval to present his credentials before taking up his new post

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS—

An Experiment in Autobiography—X

By J. G.

CANADA.—On the way over, I quarter-decked before breakfast with Sir Ian Hamilton, who was going out to inspect Imperial forces, and talked well and with animation on every subject under the sun. I woke one morning to find the ship steaming dead slow in a field of mighty icebergs, and I made a friend of my own age. It happened that this young man was a peer, and he provided me with a first experience of New World journalism. He was poor and *simplex munditiis*, but his title attracted the reporters, and he departed to his place in the Middle West under a banner head-line: "Viscount humps own grip. Says he 's used to it."

Needless to say, no reporter asked *me* what I thought of God's Own Country. I went west across the dusty plains, crossed the Rockies, and dropped down with relief to Vancouver, where my brother showed me, as he always did, every sympathy, and gave me all the help in his power. But he had been himself hard hit, and it was clear that he could do nothing for me in the way of business.

The Englishmen were down and out, real-estate values were touching bottom, and what dollars remained went in cocktails and polo. It was a dreary time in a lovely country. The best memories of it cover expeditions in a launch on Queen Charlotte's Sound and among the little isles that border Vancouver Island.

While in Vancouver, I managed to fix up by correspondence a trial engagement in the office of a lawyer (and land speculator) in Montreal, and, after a month or so, I went East again, seeing a very little of America. My months in Montreal remain in memory the chief nightmare of a quiet and unadventurous life.

I told the outline of it in the only novel I ever published. The novel and the nightmare are much better forgotten. The lawyer was a bully. His clerks cold-shouldered me, suspecting me of trying to steal their bread. I lived a solitary existence (sweetened by the kindness of two Canadians with whom I made friends) in a bed-sitting-room, and I was nearly always ill.

My day in the office was misery, idleness and futility, with many opportunities of discovering the meaning of "shystering." My "boss" finally put the lid on it by circularising as many of my remote relations in England as he deemed worth while (taking their names from books of reference), and offering them, on my "reasoned recommendation," shares in a score of wild-cat schemes. A day came when I found I could endure Montreal no more. I cut my duty, went down-town and, with my last dollars, booked a passage home in the good ship *Tunisian*, sailing that night from Montreal. When at midnight she cast off, I stood on the bridge and watched the fair spires of the city grow faint; and I realised that now "pursuit" was unlikely, and that my next "stepping-off" might be, if I chose, upon English soil.

That, believe me, was one of the big moments of my life!

"The Escape."—"My novel," to which I have referred, continues the story of my evasion from the New World. I suppose much of it must have been written on the brown grass of Mount Royal Park, Montreal, in August 1913. It was finished after the war, in 1919-20. There are certain war strictures in it which prove the date and spoil any merit it might have had. It is forgotten, and better forgotten. But my own copy reminds me that when the *Tunisian* tied up at Quebec, while I remained "incognito" aboard, a *deux ex machina* embarked. This was a business man of many trades and ventures, and virtues. He and I were the only saloon passengers. We made friends. Before we sighted the green coastline of Northern Ireland, we had joined forces and signed articles, and I was able to "save my face" with my family by announcing the *fait accompli* of a junior partnership in the firm of ——— and ———, bankers and agents. Our capital was hope and the infinite faith, resource and ingenuity of my new friend and business associate whose probity was as simple and straight as his childish faith in a bumper harvest for his broadcast sowing. We set up in a tiny office in the Adelphi, and whistled for a breeze. And every month we registered a puff of wind. But from that day forward, while I waited for the wind to fill our sails, I practised every form of literary composition and filled my desk drawers with manuscripts. It is one of the consolations of my life (and one of my memory's loudest chuckles) that *every one* of those immature flights ultimately saw their way into print, and paid me a handsome dividend when, a few years later—for a brief run—five London dailies and evening papers competed for any article over the signature of my clumsy, and fecklessly chosen, *nom de plume*.

Such was my own business harvest, when the Old World broke up, and the Great War of 1914 burst upon us.

The Great War.—I shan't say much about it. It is *vieux jeu*. An elder friend had cajoled me into a Yeomanry in 1911. I was not a "born soldier" nor horseman. I was always a rebel; but before the war was over, I had learned the necessity for discipline, and even *spit and polish*, and had painfully acquired the first principles of horsemanship and horsemastership. I was thankful to have a place ready to go to when the burning minute broke, and to have no need to make a vital decision. My yeomanry remained a yeomanry, and I spent the best part of four years in France, Flanders and Germany in a cavalry brigade completed by two crack regiments.

CATTLE NOW GRAZE WHERE ONCE MONKS WALKED—The lawns of a famous Priory brought into wartime use: St. Osyth Priory in Essex, whose historic buildings date back to the tenth century, is playing its part in the war effort. Under the direction of Brigadier-General Kincaid-Smith, who resides at the Priory, land that was once the haunt of foxes and other wild life has now been brought under the plough. Even the velvety lawns which face the Priory buildings are in use for grazing the famous White Park cattle in which the Priory specialise. This picture shows calves of the herd grazing in front of the tenth-century buildings of St. Osyth

A Riding Tour in France and Belgium.—I mourned in 1928 the death at an advanced age of my little chestnut mare, June. On her back I accomplished a notable performance, riding all the way from Le Havre to the Hohenzollern Bridge at Cologne. I went leisurely, often deviating and not seldom retracing my steps in my search for places of historic interest. The thoroughness of my methods is proved by the fact that I was three and a half years on this tour, from May 1915 to December 1918. And that though the mare loved as little to walk as I to ride.

Well (to be strict) perhaps it was not so easy as all that. We had our mild ration of blood and sweat, of fear and privation; we had our glorious moments of exaltation (none more golden and rare than those few days which followed November 11, 1918, from its eleventh hour). We toiled and trained and groused, marched and countermarched, dug and held the trench-line, and scrubbed our horses, and did all those things which were asked of us.

Be that as it may, you must admit that I have let you down gently in the matter of my war memories. To-day even those vivid little war pictures which remained instinct with life for a decade after 1918 are gone past recall. It is just a dream, shadowy, unsubstantial, past recall. No doubt at all, it was a character builder.

"Money for Nothing."—No doubt at all, the hard school of war is a character builder. The most romantic, soft and imaginative find their manhood in it and emerge more hardheaded and perhaps hard-hearted, if not cool-headed. Johnny Eames was definitely a war casualty in my case. I returned from the wars quite well equipped to enjoy myself, to enjoy the halfpence which were plenty, and to take a smaller ration of the kicks. Unfortunately, as I now realise, we were most of us, returned soldiers or home-staying civilians, "cases for the alienist" when we returned to "normal" life; surely the most abnormal normal life in our long history. . . .

I received an offer from a friend to return from Cologne to join up in a new Government Department of the Labour Ministry, charged with the training and resettlement of ex-officers in the higher professions. I accepted the offer, and found myself among a dozen pre-war friends in a "Circumlocution Office" established in a London Hotel, where much hard work was being done with reasonably good results.

There were at the top clever men with the highest sense of duty and responsibility, who worked long hours and set us an example. Soon enough, these men moved on, and we lesser fry took their places, and when they left, the work began to slacken in the process of absorption. It was the height of the Lloyd George squandermania. Every few months we received an unexpected and unwanted extra bonus to meet the increasing cost of living, and at the end of eighteen months, I found myself, with the work ever diminishing, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." I would have been glad to remain there at work for a salary of £600 a year. A day came when I totted up my income from all sources in this Department as £1,700 a year . . . and there was not enough work left to keep me busy for three hours a day. I saw that I must quit, before I was axed; meanwhile, while I looked round, I was constrained to find some means of passing the empty hours between luncheon and teatime. I chalk it up not to character, but to luck, that I hit on a sound and profitable line at last.

Not to character; because, as I have confessed, if I had become harder of heart, I was cooler of head. For the only time in my life, I gambled away my easily-won money and invested all my blood-money (£600) and at least another £1,400 of savings, in the wild-cat schemes of the post-war speculators; and every penny was lost before I learned the lesson of safety at 3½ per cent.

But I still felt very rich, and launched out into a car and soon afterwards set up a bachelor establishment in a soulless service flat.

A Start in Journalism.—The sound and profitable side-line which I embarked on was (at long last) journalism. The *nom-de-plume* which has embarrassed me for twenty-five years and stuck to me like an obstinate barnacle on a ship's bottom was born at three o'clock of the afternoon on one of those interminable days in my hotel office when I was drawing my £1,700 a year and whistling for a job of work.

It was the end of July, and the Canterbury and "Old Stagers" weeks were on. As a member of I.Z., I wrote down some reminiscences of my great uncle, Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, one of the founders of I.Z., and sent it (greatly daring) in to the *Evening Standard*. A day or two later it duly appeared, and soon enough was rewarded with a handsome cheque.

And then followed a Fleet Street miracle. The stuff which I had it in me to write (of which, as I have said, a mass lay in my drawers unused), was exactly what the editors for the moment believed their public wanted. They gobbled me and competed for me. I used up all my dust-ridden reserves, and wrote during all the idle hours of every afternoon.

Before three months had passed, THE OLD STAGER was a regular weekly contributor to the *Telegraph*, the *Standard*, the *Sunday Times*, and the *Graphic*, and had a "waiting list" of willing patrons; and his income had reached heights which . . . well, have never been reached since! It was just an episode, a "Joss harvest" of a bumper kind, but I was done with fooling, and stored some of the golden grain, and found at last a profession to my taste and a steady and sure means of livelihood, lucrative above all in one matchless, inestimable asset that thenceforward my hobby was my work, my work my hobby; I was the *fortunatus nimium*, a *craftsman*, even if my craft were gimcrack.

(The next article in this series will be published in the issue of May 30)

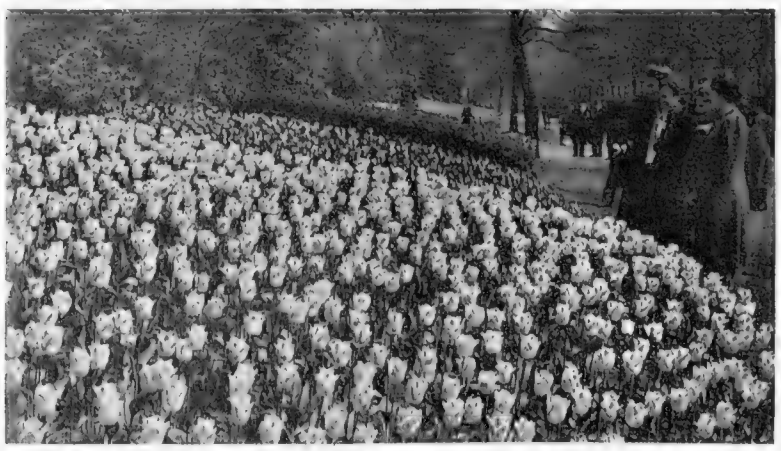
The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

LONDON IN THE SPRINGTIME

THE NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE AND ITS GRACEFUL SPANS: This recent picture shows the good progress made in the construction of the new bridge which, it is hoped, will be opened to general traffic in a few months' time. The five spans, each of which is about 250 ft. long, are the largest in reinforced concrete in Britain

A FAMOUS VIEW SAVED FOR LONDONERS: This glimpse of the River Thames as seen from the top of Richmond Hill has now been saved for all time by the combined action of the London County Council and the Surrey, Middlesex and Richmond Councils

REGENT'S PARK AND ITS WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF SPRINGTIME FLOWERS: Everything is being done to make London attractive as a holiday centre, and special encouragement is to be given to outdoor recreations of all kinds. Just now the spring flowers are at their best, and all London is flocking out to the parks to inspect them



THE GLORIOUS TULIP-BEDS OF ST. JAMES'S PARK IN FULL BLOOM: There is an unusually fine display this year, and the flower-beds provide a wonderful show of colour which thousands have been inspecting

TULIP-TIME IN LONDON: A bank of spring flowers in St. James's Park—always renowned for its floral displays, and now made even more attractive by the absence of railings and fences!

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A VARIED COLLECTION for the BOOKSHELF

Japan One Hundred Years Ago; John Brophy's Modern Desert Story; Peter Cheyney Reviews the Underworld; A Rustic Idyll; A Moving and Impressive Array of Photographs of Our Times

HARKING back almost 100 years to the Japan that Commodore Perry knew, when he tried to open up that secret land to American trade, Mr. Willard Price has given us a novel of exceptional interest, too timely to be ignored. BARBARIAN (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) tells the violent and adventurous tale of Jonathan Boone, supposedly a kinsman of the famous Daniel, who sailed with the Commodore on the voyage that produced the first American-Japanese trade treaty.

The treaty was achieved only after a great show of naval might, and, beyond the exchange of rich presents, was never conclusive. Neither America's strength nor America's diplomacy served to alter the fundamental Japanese conception of the white man as a barbarian, or the equally fundamental Japanese purpose, expressed by one of their Emperors: "We shall build our capitol all over the world and make the whole world our dominion."

By the device of telling the story of a single man's struggles to establish himself as a trader in the mushroom town of Yokohama, Mr. Price has been able to give a superbly dramatic picture of the inevitable conflict between West and East and, less obviously, what amounts to an historical account of the customs of the *samurai* class, whose swords were the instruments of their religion. *Samurai* no longer exist, but their savagery and intransigence make an object lesson that needs no underlining.

Mr. Price is, I think, less fortunate with the love-story of the gentle little Otora San, and the over-simplified conversion to good works of the American belle, but these are small objections to raise against a book that is so manifestly well worth reading.

IMMORTAL SERGEANT (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is a notable advance on Mr. John Brophy's earlier novels, and makes up in action what they seemed to lack through discursiveness. A small patrol of infantrymen are cut off from the rest of Wavell's forces in the Libyan campaign and, in the space of a few days, are dive-bombed by Italian aeroplanes, lost in the desert and tortured by hunger and thirst and fatigue. They fight an armoured car, and some of them live to find an oasis and, within reach of water and shelter, to see it occupied by German troops. They fight again, and three survive to be rescued by a small de Gaulle detachment, and reach Cairo and the comfort of hospital beds.

The sergeant, whose death scene is without doubt the best thing the author has written, is an old soldier who remembers Ypres and scoffs at the new Army for their ignorance of what a real barrage is like. "A real barrage—that's a sight now! That artillery support we had when we went past Bardia was nothing. Deafen you, it would, a real barrage. You wouldn't believe a single man could come out alive. But they do."

It is he who holds the lost little company together, sardonic, tough, obscene and curiously indomitable. And after he is badly wounded and shoots himself, leaving a last scrawled joke on a dirty piece of paper, and leaving the shrinking supply of food and water to be shared with one less, his spirit still pervades the little band and prompts the young corporal left in command to new stratagems and new endurance.

The zest with which Mr. Brophy tells this story is new to his writing. Although, in the thoughts of the corporal, an intellectual whose self-examination is as constant in the Western Desert as it was in London, the author may try out his own philosophic findings, the main theme of the book is action. When it comes to action, there is no word-wasting.

There are well-defined types here: Pilcher, the good soldier; Cottrell, with his futile, nervous fumbling and his lecture-room habits; Cassidy, who interpreted everything in terms of a personal and idyllic Liverpool and died beside his Lewis gun; Corporal Spence, reverting in every moment of reflection to his unsatisfactory pianist-love; and finally, the grim, ribald sergeant who showed them all the way. Certainly Mr. Brophy's best.

Mr. Peter Cheyney must have enjoyed making his selection of the BEST STORIES OF THE UNDERWORLD (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.), among which distinguished twenty-one he has included (and why not?) one of his own.

The authors are mainly English, with one or two American exceptions, and I regret the absence of anything as representative of France as Siménon, but perhaps that is due to wartime difficulties over copyright and "authors, who, for some reason usually connected with the war, are not obtainable," as the collector explains in his disarming foreword. But I have no other complaints, and a modest amount of praise, a proportion of which is for a story of Edgar Wallace's I had never read before, an excellent study in fear by Ethel Lina White, and the under-stressed horror of Somerset Maugham's *Hairless Mexican*.

The Theodora Benson story is good, and would be better without its ill-fitting American idiom, and the Margery Allingham is first rate.

Mr. Crichton Porteous seems to have supplied the answer to the old query of "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm?", and to judge by his new novel it is by feeding them. Whether rationing has made one unduly sensitive to these delights I don't know, but seldom have I read descriptions of food so appetising—and so unobtainable—as the kitchen meals in THE FARM BY THE LAKE (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.).

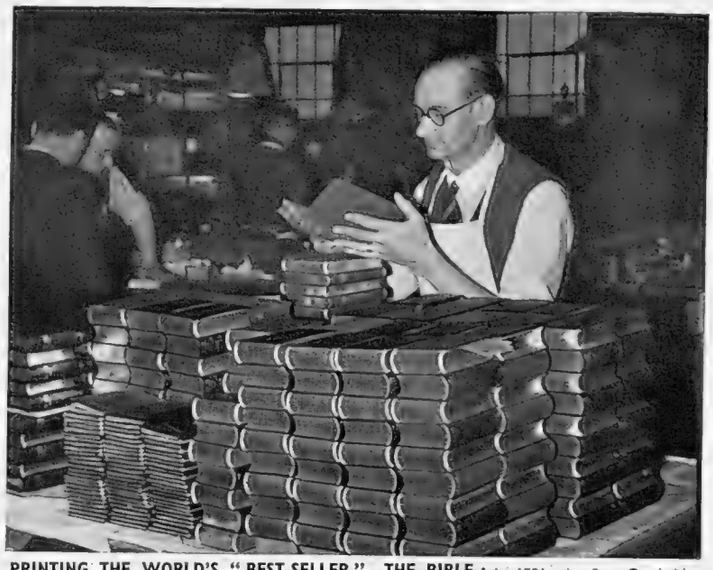
Crisp stacks of oatcakes, sizzling piles of pink and white bacon (piles of it, mind you!), and butter in yellow pyramids are only a few of the items on this writer's Derbyshire menu. For the rest, it is a charming, simple and serious novel by a man whose evident love of the countryside is as great as his knowledge of it.

The story is of young, town-bred Flo who comes to the farm to milk cows and scrub and cook and bake and lend a hand with the haying, but it is less her story than the story of the farm itself, with its traditional routine of back-breaking work which, in rewarding and magical moments here and there, can prove so deeply satisfying.

There is a tart humour in the drawing of the dried-up, tireless little wife of the farmer, and gentleness in the picture of the girl, but it is when he is writing of water and woods and fields, and the docile or obstinate farm animals that Mr. Porteous achieves his most considerable effects. He writes, not with facility, but with a tranquil and detailed understanding, and his book reflects his own delight in a country he loves.

I recommend MEET "THE COMMON PEOPLE" (Studio. 8s. 6d.) to the widest possible number of readers. It is one of those books which are beginning to take the place of the plush-covered family album, and with good enough reason. It is a book of photographs, compiled by Mr. Edward Carrick and with commentary by Mr. Gerry Bradley. All the photographs have been chosen from documentary films made by various units, and arranged to make an ordered sequence, telling the story of civilian life in Britain since the beginning of the war.

The story is told in five groups of photographs, "The Alert," "War Comes to the Cities," "The Landsmen," "Toilers of the Sea" and the "Factory Front," and they are both moving and extraordinarily impressive. There are one or two "studies," in the self-conscious sense of the word, that show the heavy hand of the Russian film influence a little too clearly, but most of them are admirable, and the photograph on p. 38, taken the morning after the first raid on Coventry and showing none of the devastation, but letting it be reflected in the eyes of the policemen and two young boys, is quite memorable.



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TWO NEW LONDON PRODUCTIONS

By PHILIP PAGE

IT seems to be the fashion to assume that in wartime, particularly in the case of the present war, all interest in the serious drama automatically vanishes. That is not true. It is a fact, and not a surprising one, that musical shows and farce-comedies are to the fore, since they are alleged to make the public forget its troubles, though there have been not a few occasions when I have been profoundly depressed while certain examples of both these forms of entertainment have been in progress. But it is also a fact that at the present moment some of the most sought-after plays in London are serious. *Watch on the Rhine* is a big draw and so is *The Morning Star*. *The Doctor's Dilemma* is drawing crowds to the Haymarket; I suppose this must be classed as a comedy, but as Bernard Shaw is the author it is not for nit-wits, and one of the characters dies on the stage, and there is nothing funny about that.

To the serious batch has now been added Mr. H. G. Stevens's fine play, *Immortal Garden*. This has been seen before, but I welcomed its revival at the Westminster, for it has a strange beauty about it, and never descends to the mawkish or the sentimental. A clever cast is headed by Mr. Arthur Wontner. Miss Diana Dawson impressed me with a performance of exceptional charm and cleverness; this young actress will become quite an important person before long, unless I am very much mistaken.

Fine and Dandy.—Mr. Firth Shephard's new revue at the Saville Theatre sets out to be nonsense and it is nonsense. But it is exceptionally cheerful nonsense, and I sat through the first performance (which, unlike so many first performances of such shows, did not last about an hour longer than it should have done) without a moment of boredom. Mr. Leslie Henson can always be relied upon to exorcise boredom anyway, and he is here in grand form. He has as his fellow fun-makers Mr. Stanley Holloway, Mr. Douglas Byng (with a surprising moment of sudden pathos, beautifully done) and Miss Dorothy Dickson, who again shows that she is a comedienne as well as a musical-comedy *ingenue*. Plenty of pretty frocks, with chunks of glamour inside 'em. Also some tuneful music.

Until then . . .

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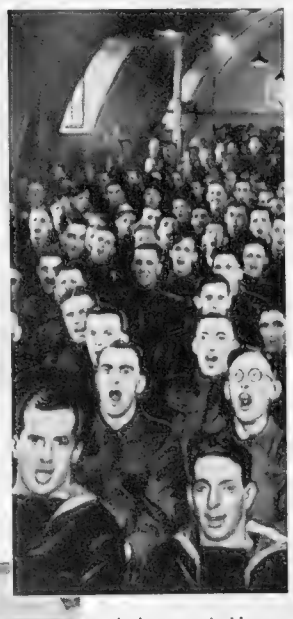

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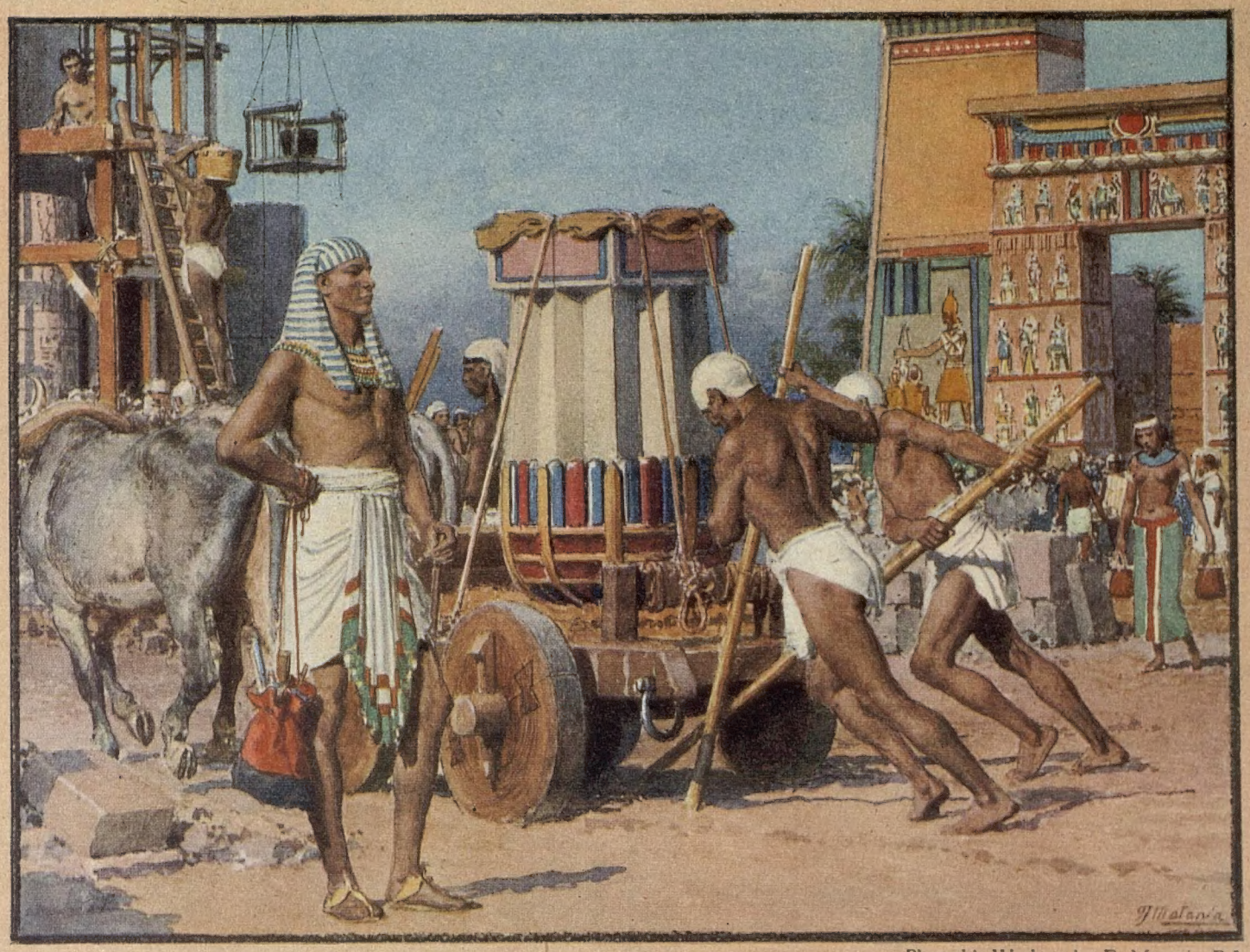

Pharaoh's Workers by F. Matania, R.I.

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1942. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.